HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2137.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE—THE PACK-TRAIN BETWEEN DYEA AND SHEEP CAMP.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Photograph by Tappan Adney, the Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 1190.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

MANITOBA protestants and their government are certain not to be coerced by the Pope, since they refused to obey the orders of their own general government on the matter of supporting church schools with public moneys. The Pope has directed his followers in Canada to stand by the Church on this subject, but the Manitobans protest so strongly, and have already shown themselves to be so courageous, that we fancy that Sir WILFRID LAURIER and his associates will disobey the Pope, or at least will not make themselves objectionably active in endeavoring to obey him.

A RUMOR that negotiations were in progress for a new arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States has been denied. A treaty has been drafted, it is true, in our State Department, which is intended apparently to be so nearly meaningless that the Senate will not have the heart to amend it. We hope that the draft may be the beginning of a negotiation. Perhaps by making a treaty of this kind, confirmation could be coaxed, and any arbitration treaty is better than none; for any arbitration treaty, no matter how vague and indefinite, will compel the two countries to pause and consider peaceful measures whenever they get into a dispute that looks towards war.

MR. TAPPAN ADNEY, who is making his way to the Klondike as the special correspondent of the WEEKLY, at last accounts had reached Lake Lindeman. That is, he was at last safely over the mountains, and by this time must be in winter quarters at the gold-diggings. His adventurous trials of the various passes from Dyea and Skagway have been fully described in our columns in letter-press and in illustrations sent by him. Photographs have already been received from him of Lake Lindeman and the country on the other side of the summit, so that we are assured that he is safely over after his arduous toils; but, for some reason not yet explained, the manuscript that should have accompanied the photographs has not yet reached us. It is probable, however, that we shall soon be able to give our readers the first account of the passage of the Chilkoot by one who has actually made the perilous journey.

SECRETARY ALGER'S report is an interesting document mainly on account of the extravagance of the appropriations suggested by it, although not all of them are recommended. This is especially true of the estimates of General CRAIGHILL, the chief of engineers, for river and harbor improvements. The total amount of the suggested appropriations is $96,258,446, an excess of more than $43,000,000 over last year's estimates, and $47,000,000 more than the actual expenditures of last year. Mr. ALGER justly says that the estimates for river and harbor improvements, which amount to $48,728,160, against $23,278,028 expended during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, are "largely in excess of what they ought to be." Considering that to this time the deficiency for the fiscal year is $45,000,000, it would seem as though any expenditure for this object beyond what is actually required for the preservation of existing work would be wanton extravagance. In fact, the government has not a single dollar for anything that is not absolutely necessary, including not only river and harbor improvements, but public buildings, and ships, forts, and ordnance.

IT seems to be settled that Mr. MCKINLEY is to make some recognition of the need of money reform in his forth-coming message, and that he is at least to recommend the adoption of Mr. GAGE'S proposed plan for destroying the "endless chain" which has been so successfully dragging the gold out of the Treasury. Whether or not he is to go any further than this appears not to be known. The destruction of the "endless chain" is to be accomplished, if Congress agrees to Mr. MCKINLEY'S proposal, by prohibiting the reissue of greenbacks except in return for gold. This would be an exceedingly valuable step in the right direction, but so long as the greenbacks exist they will be a hinderance to the adoption of a sound banking law, and a temptation to unsound-money men to agitate for government paper alone. Already the greenbackers are taking advantage of the rumored recommendation to begin an agitation for the replacement of National bank notes with greenbacks. What the country wants, however, is a banking system that shall supply all the paper money, leaving to the government the duty of coining metal money, and to the Treasury Department the duty of collecting and disbursing the revenues, and of holding the securities and the safety-fund for the assurance of bank-notes. We trust that the House—which may if Mr. REED will—will pass a proper bill providing for the retirement and destruction of government paper, for the substitution for it of bank paper, and for a liberal banking law, under which remote communities with small capital can enjoy banking facilities of which they are now deprived. In other words, let the House pass the measure that is needed, and perhaps something may be obtained from the Senate if the sound-money men of that body make a determined and intelligent push for it.

REPUBLICANS of New York are greatly agitated about PLATT. He presents an interesting problem and an important one. He is the head of the Republican machines of the State and the city, and he uses both for his own profit. He has often led the party to defeat when he has scored a victory for himself. In the recent election his leadership brought about the overthrow of his party, and yet PLATT himself is not wholly disconsolate. He still has the power to sell CROKER what he wants, and CROKER has the price to pay for it. The future of PLATT rests wholly with the Republican party, and the future of the party depends largely upon what the party does with PLATT. There are movements against him in New York and Brooklyn, but they will not make much headway if those who are engaged in them are not prepared for a hard and earnest fight; are not prepared, indeed, to bolt the machine's nominations when PLATT makes them from his own followers; for there is no friend or follower of PLATT, no matter what his character as a private citizen may be, who is fit to hold a public office. Republicans who do not believe in corruption and knavery in politics must treat PLATT as the independent Democrats of New York have treated HILL and MURPHY. These Democrats have made it impossible for HILL or MURPHY to carry any election in this State except against PLATT or Plattism. If PLATT should be retired from its leadership, the Republican party could probably carry New York at every election against the party that is under the control of the old Democratic machine. If PLATT remains at the head of the Republican party the voters will oscillate between it and the other evil, until the Democrats cease to follow their present bosses. But the dethronement of PLATT will require courage, intelligence, and persistency. Are the Republicans angry enough to acquire these virtues?

THERE is no question as to the first duty of Congress with respect to Cuba and to Spain. No honest man will deny that the promise of Mr. CLEVELAND to aid Spain to secure the assent of Cuba to a reasonable plan of autonomy is binding on us, for he had the right to make the promise in our name. Happily, it seems that Mr. MCKINLEY is of the same mind, and that he is inclined to give the Spaniards a chance to succeed by peaceable methods in the effort in which they have failed by means of war and cruelty. The Spaniards themselves seem to be sincere in their assurance that they are trying to change their methods. They have given the victims of the concentration order liberty to cultivate the land. Captain-General BLANCO is endeavoring to restore industry. The *Competitor's* crew has at length been released. Every request that Mr. MCKINLEY has made has been met in a spirit which indicates that the Spanish government is determined to do all in its power to win the regard and respect of the United States, at least up to the point of granting Cuba its independence. Under all these circumstances, hostile or unfriendly action by Congress at the beginning of the session would amount to a brutal disregard of all the obligations under which we undoubtedly are to a nation for which we still profess friendship. Of course it may be said that the Spaniards are incapable of administering free government, and such home-rule as seems to be offered the Cubans to induce them to remain under Spanish rule, but under the laws of nations Spain is regarded as a civilized power, and for the United States to treat her promises as worthless would be an inexcusable denial to her of the rights of a civilized power. The situation is very bad for Spain, and it seems to be getting worse for her at home, where WEYLER now looms up as a possible agent for the destruction of the government or of the dynasty, against both of which Carlists, Republicans, Socialists, Protectionists, and Conservatives are ranging themselves in a hostile medley. But this country must abide by its obligations of friendship, until, as we have said, Spain demonstrates that she cannot succeed by peaceable methods.

SHALL WE BE COLONIZERS?

THE annexation of Hawaii will mean the adoption by this country of the colonial policy. That this is a change from the traditional principle that has existed since the formation of the republic will not be denied even by the most ardent and enthusiastic advocates of coaling-stations. It is true that we have been informed again and again of the strategic value of the Hawaiian Islands, and we are aware that steam-vessels cannot progress without coal. But to go abroad for strategic positions is to go abroad for war, while, as to coaling-stations, they may be had and held quite as well for the hiring as for the buying or annexation. There are some Jingoes frank enough to admit that they want war for war's sake, and they and others assert that we have certain responsibilities in the world which it is our duty to fulfil by force of arms. They do not define these responsibilities, but in a general way it is to be inferred from their writings and speeches that they are of a moral character, and that we are bound, in some way, to protect distant people from the rule of European monarchies or from the excesses of their own barbarous people—to forbid the establishment of governments, for example, like those which England has established in Australia and South Africa, or to set up such governments as we permit in Alaska or Oklahoma. This PETER-the-Hermit philosophy, this Crusader sentimentality, is perhaps the most absurd of all the fancies which have supplied the advocates of colonial extension with the talk with which they respond to the arguments of their opponents.

The persons, however, who are talking most volubly about the necessity of coaling-stations and about the value of strategic positions are not wholly just to themselves. Most of them know that we do not need to scatter coal-yards about the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans; and most all of them, we fancy, if they will think seriously of their position, will realize that we are not strongly called upon to bless the outlying islands of the seas with the peculiar political morality which so greatly distinguishes, say, the United States Senate and the governments of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and of the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Then, if we do not need strategic points for the expansion of our own ethics at the point of the bayonet, it must be that the strategic points are needed for the protection of possible future colonial possessions. And this is the crux of the whole matter. Those who are eager for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, and who are now, or who will be soon, in favor of the annexation of Cuba, are really desirous that the United States shall take part in the business of the world, in the feverish movement which has brought the frontiers of Europe into dangerous contact in Africa and in the East, and out of which, at different times within the last few years, have come threats of war between Russia and England, between France and England, between Germany and England, between Russia and Italy. Indeed, at the very threshold of our own proposed experiment we have signs of enmity from Japan.

It is clear that in acquiring Hawaii we shall become a colonizing power, extending our frontiers, and vastly increasing the chances for hostile complications. In a word, we shall, as Mr. SCHURZ said in the last issue of the WEEKLY, "simply acquire a vulnerable point." Before finally adopting the colonial policy, those who have the power to commit the nation to it ought to reflect seriously on the colonial problem as it presents itself to-day throughout the world. It will be evident to them, from such a survey, that colonies must be governed either by a control exerted from without or by the people of the colonies themselves. In other words, there must be either a foreign despotism or self-government. In these days the

control of the colonial government from without is demonstrably a failure, and Russia is possibly the only European power capable of administering the affairs of a colony to its own satisfaction. But what satisfies Russia and the Asiatic peasant does not satisfy Germany, or France, or England, and it will not satisfy the American at home or the American of the Sandwich Islands. After England had learned the lesson taught her by the loss of this country, she adopted the only colonial policy that has ever been completely successful. She has extended the blessings of free government to remote corners of the earth, and has built up a great empire by opening homes for the enterprising and adventurous of her own people, where their enterprise and their rights have been protected by that just administration of the law which is an English political habit. The result has been the building up of great nations in Australia and in Canada—nations in every respect except one: the mother-country charges herself with the duty and cost of their defence, and their thrift is therefore not burdened with the charge which is disturbing and unsettling the industry and politics of more than one European state. These independent and self-governing colonies are the only successful colonies in the world at present. Do our own colonizers imagine that Hawaii would or could be such a colony if the islands were annexed to the United States? Do they want to begin at the point which Great Britain has reached? Do they want a colony in the Pacific which will trade with any commercial power at its will; which will have the right to discriminate against the products of this country, or which may refuse to admit our products free while taxing the products of other countries? Which will be merely an expense to us in compelling us to maintain a fleet large enough to defend the islands and our own coasts against the assaults of any enemy which either our colony or ourselves may provoke?

The answer to this is doubtless that Hawaii is not to be a colony, but a Territory; but what is a Territory at the distance of two thousand miles from the mother-country but a colony? Moreover, it will be a colony of the kind which does not succeed in the nineteenth century. It will be a colony governed on the principle—modified of course by the softening influences of time and of modern life—that obtained from the fourteenth century down to the early part of the present century, and which still obtains in the government of India, and of the German and French colonies. To all intents and purposes Algiers, and the other French colonies on the north and west coasts of Africa, and the German colonies on the east and west coasts of the continent, are governed very much as Hawaii must be governed by the United States. It is true that we will call the islands a Territory instead of a colony; we will promise to appoint its governors and judges from inhabitants of the islands, and we will give it a local legislature; nevertheless, the controlling government will be at Washington, and the laws that will affect the most important interests of Hawaiians will be made there; while as to the promise to select the governors and judges from the natives, it will be kept if convenient at the moment. The same promise has been made to our Territories nearer home, and it has probably been broken at least double the number of times that it has been respected. Hawaii would be a colony something like India, and like the German and French colonies. India is hardly a successful colony now. Its people are discontented. Some of them are rebellious. Its financial and economic problems are a burden to England. Its government is harassed by politics at home. It is not necessary to read Lord ROBERTS's book to gain a comprehension of the troubles that politicians at a distance can work in the plans of colonial authorities. Germans will not go to German colonies. The French colonies are an expensive attachment to the French Republic, mainly beneficial to impecunious French politicians. Every one of these colonies furnishes abundant evidence that modern governments in whose management the people have a share are incapable of governing distant provinces well. The colonial policy, which began in grand dreams and schemes of plundering savage peoples and in discovering the fountain of eternal youth, is in its decrepitude. Its activity is the spasmodic nervous movement of a stricken body. The only colonies that are healthy have really ceased to be colonies; the only real colonies are causes of bickerings among mother-countries, threatening to disturb the peace of nations, and are themselves political solecisms. Our colonizing friends are dreaming of a time that is passed. They are proposing that we shall enter into colonizing schemes at too late a day. They are inviting us to fresh troubles, to a foreordained failure, and the Hawaiians themselves to bitter disappointment.

MORE ABOUT THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM.

WHILE the example set by the Citizens' Union in New York has been thought worthy of imitation by a number of public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia, discouraging voices are heard elsewhere, and some of them are weighty enough to demand consideration. According to an interview published by a Chicago newspaper, Mr. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH, a gentleman of high standing, whose opinions command respect, has, although warmly sympathizing with the objects pursued by our Citizens' Union, been confirmed by the victory of Tammany Hall in the belief that "citizens' movements are necessarily doomed to failure," and that "national party government should be the force in municipal government unintermittently." Had he said that national party government *will* be the ruling force in municipal government, his utterance might be taken as merely a symptom of that pusillanimity which submits to an evil because that evil is very deeply rooted, or which pronounces a thing impossible because it is difficult—a weakness of which Mr. MACVEAGH cannot be suspected. But when he says that it *should* be so, then he either sees in municipal government by national parties the possibility of a solution of the great problem of good government in our large municipalities, or he gives up that problem as incapable of solution.

Nothing could be more obvious, theoretically, than that if the officers charged with the conduct of a municipal government are regularly elected or appointed for reasons and purposes other than the honest and efficient management of municipal affairs, that municipal government must, in the course of time, drift into inefficiency and corruption. And no theory has ever been more strikingly justified by experience. Here we have two great cities side by side, New York and Philadelphia, one being largely Democratic, the other largely Republican in politics. The "regular" Democratic organization in New York is Tammany Hall. The Tammany Society was originally the *bona fide* representative of certain political principles, and as such gained prestige and power. It won in the city of New York the support of a large party majority. The long possession of power, as is always the case with such organizations, brought to the front the selfish elements, and these gradually obtained control. The enjoyment of the municipal spoil became more and more its principal object, and it used its connection with the Democratic party in its State and national capacity to the end of maintaining itself as the ruler of the city for its own benefit. The result was the most corrupt and rapacious municipal government ever known. What happened in New York under the name of Democracy happened in Philadelphia, substantially at least, if not to the same extent, in the name of Republicanism. While the Republican party had originally been virtuous enough, rings of Republican politicians gradually formed themselves, obtained control of the municipal offices, and plundered the city without remorse. In each case the workers of the party machine were regularly quartered upon the municipal government. In each case national party spirit was invoked to sustain the plunderers lest the party in its national capacity suffer injury. In neither case could the plunderers have maintained themselves in power had not that party spirit stood by them.

The experience of New York and of Philadelphia has in its essential features been repeated in all our great cities in which one or the other of our national parties had a large and steady majority, and where municipal elections were run on national party lines. The interruptions of this rule consisted only in occasional popular uprisings against intolerable outrage, or in the accidental appearance in office of a man of public spirit and intrepidity. Where the two parties nearly balanced one another in strength, the abuses were, of course, usually less great; but even there those that existed were mostly traceable to the circumstance that the municipal offices were held by men who had been put into power not solely to serve the city, but to serve their party, and who, when serving their party, might expect to be sustained by it in serving themselves.

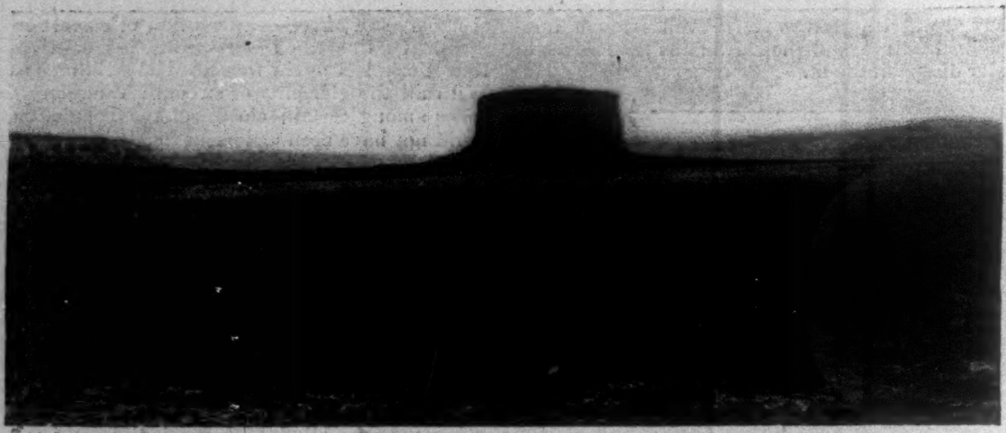
It is, of course, not pretended that the running of municipal elections on national party lines is the only source of the abuses prevailing in our municipal governments; but it is certainly the source of very many, and of the worst of them, and it is at the same time the most troublesome obstacle to an effective prevention or correction of them. Of this the recent municipal election in New York has again furnished a striking proof. With all the elements of strength Tammany possesses among certain classes of the population, it could not have been victorious had it not been supported by many thousands of Democrats who, although at heart opposed to Tammany practices, voted for the Tammany candidates merely because they bore the Democratic party label, and had not many thousands of Republicans, although at heart desirous of giving the city good government, withheld their votes from Mr. LOW simply because they thought they had in this municipal contest to stand by the national Republican party organization. We have witnessed similar things in New York several times before, and, *mutatis mutandis*, in Philadelphia likewise.

How utterly blind and unprincipled this party spirit is appears in the case of Tammany in a very curious manner. Mr. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH makes the singular mistake of consoling himself with the impression that "the victory of Tammany means a victory for the conservative Democratic party." This is a fantastic misconception of Tammany's being. Tammany cannot be regarded as representing any principle of national politics at all. Last year, some time before the Democratic National Convention, Tammany passed a set of strong sound-money resolutions. As soon as the Chicago convention had pronounced for free silver and nominated BRYAN, Tammany supported BRYAN and free silver, with all the enormities of the Chicago platform. It did this in order to remain the "regular Democratic organization." This year, having only the spoils of New York city in view, and knowing that free silver and the Chicago platform were very unpopular in New York, Tammany ignored free silver and the Chicago platform altogether. But nothing can be more certain than that, if the next Democratic National Convention pronounces for free silver and Bryanism, Tammany will, no city spoils being then at stake, shout again for Bryanism and all it implies. If the Democratic national platform should endorse the DINGLEY tariff, Tammany would accept that too in order to remain "regular." And then, when the next municipal election in New York approaches, it will either endorse or ignore that platform, as it may believe that this or that course will secure the most votes for keeping the organization in the enjoyment of the municipal spoil. The recent victory of Tammany Hall does, therefore, not "mean a victory for the conservative Democratic party," nor for any other sort of Democracy. It means simply the victory of a thoroughly unprincipled band of spoilsmen who are Democrats only in name, and who use that name to allure to their support in municipal elections those Democrats whose party spirit is indiscriminating enough to accept anything that calls itself Democratic.

Tammany Hall—that is, an organization looking only for municipal spoil, and wearing the colors of a national party merely for the purpose of securing the votes of partisans who otherwise would not support it—is the natural evolution of the mixing up of national politics with municipal concerns. Similar organizations in more or less advanced perfection exist in all our cities where the municipal spoil is rich. They are strongest where one or the other national party has a large majority. Tammany is the most powerful of them all, because it is the oldest, the most systematic in its methods, and the most favored by local conditions. It is the model upon which similar organizations elsewhere will shape themselves. If we in New York accept the principle that our municipal contests *should* be run on national party lines, then we must also accept the fact that our city elections will always be fights—sometimes perhaps mere sham-battles—between a CROKER on one and a PLATT on the other side, interrupted at long intervals by popular uprisings against especially revolting abuses, which will have a short-lived effect, and then make room again for the regular order of things. And so elsewhere. This would mean the utter breaking down of democracy in municipal government.

The other question, whether national party politics *can* be eliminated from municipal concerns, is certainly not answered in the negative by the recent election in New York. After having at the first onset, against both party machines, polled nearly one-third of the whole vote, the Citizens' Union, profiting from the lessons taught by the first failure, and summoning all its courage and tenacity of purpose for a long campaign, will in due time be able to prove to the country that what *must* be done *can* be done. The prospect is surely no more hopeless than was that of the anti-slavery cause after FREMONT's defeat in 1856.

CARL SCHURZ.



THE MESA ENCANTADA AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH.

THE VINDICATION OF THE CLIFF.

BY CHARLFS F. LUMMIS.

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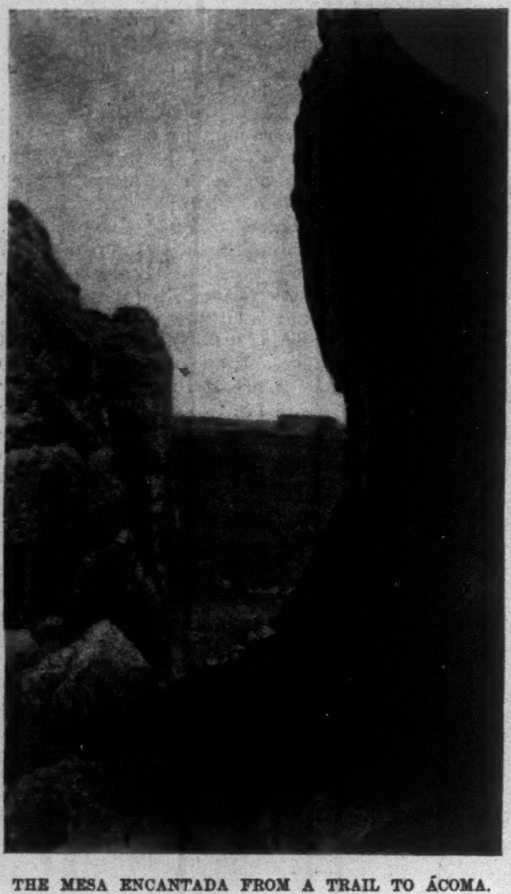
MODERN science, it is well known, has taken a very respectful attitude toward aboriginal tradition ever since competent field-work began to show what such tradition actually is. It is not by any means the odds and ends picked up by careless tourists from post-traders or from superior and uncurious people who have lived in a country where there are Indians It is not the nursery myths in which nearly all Indian tribes are so surprisingly prolific—though many of these even have historical significance, as all have high anthropologic value. For instance, an adventure of the rabbit, in one of these fairy-tales, proves to have been in fact the ancient exploit of a hero of the Rabbit Clan. Actual Indian tradition, of migration or other tribal episode, is precisely as dignified as the average of what we popularly call "history." It is never invented. It may contain allegory, or show the Indian's limits of knowledge, but it is never false and never foolish. Properly authenticated as to its derivation from Indians, it is received by experts with as much faith as the reports of an intelligent and honest traveller. It is never derided except by the inexpert. It brings us down to about the unit of simple, sincere human testimony—and ethnology did not become a science till our tardy discovery that Indians are full human. An original record of fact, handed down with the solemnity of fact among simple natures, it outlives the centuries with full as little change as has befallen the Bible since King James. It is printed only upon that wonderful memory of man who has no books except memory, and its fixed, metrical shape is rigid as a stereotype. How accurate are these unlettered proof-readers every student knows. In some of the Navajo rites, for instance, recorded by Dr. Washington Matthews, one ritual has upward of two hundred songs, specific to that rite, impossible to any other. Many of these songs are mostly made up of meaningless but fixed vocables. The error of a syllable in rendering one of these occult chants—even on the eighth and last day of the ceremony—is pounced upon by the listeners, and nullifies the whole long, arduous, costly rite. No wise man will question the accuracy of Dr. Matthews, the foremost authority on the Navajos; and other investigators have proved that the Navajos have just the usual Indian memory—a faculty almost incomprehensible to us who have atrophied our memories with note-books, reading, and easy reference: I have recorded the well-known Pueblo woman of the Tigua village where I lived five years, who carried a large business in no other ledgers than her head. She has a threshing-machine, scores of vehicles of all sorts, great flocks of sheep, cattle, and horses, gardens and grain-fields and a store. The last alone involved transactions of many thousands a year, largely credit, and in five and ten cent amounts; but she was never known to make a blunder in her mental bookkeeping. It was her husband (also a Pueblo Indian) who early in our civil war lent $17,000 gold to pay off the Union troops in New Mexico; and after long trouble and expense got back the face of his loan to the United States—in greenbacks, when gold was highest.

With such memory, it can be understood how the Indian has kept his prescriptorial chronicles safely. He had no "closet historian" guessing at long range. He told only what he knew, and as straightforwardly as he could. His son learned it word for word, and his son's son; and word for word it stepped down the generations. The whole political organization of these quaint people is based on this education. A man becomes a *principál* (member of the *Junta*, or Congress) only if and because he is wise in these traditions, which are of enormous volume. The training of a boy up to membership in one of the orders requires as much time and application as frequently gain the degree of Ph.D. among us; and this narrow but long course of study ends only with the death of the student.

I have never discovered, in many intimate years among Indian tribes scattered from Colorado to Bolivia, that the aborigine is a congenital liar. Simple people have less need of falsehood than complicated peoples have, therefore they use it less. Any one who has studied the cohesions of the social organizations knows why this must be so.

The Indian does sometimes cut off impertinent curiosity (especially in strangers) by saying "I don't know"—as we do—or by a generic "Oh yes"—as we do. Occasionally a civilized renegade of the tribe will even "fill" a predestined tourist, though nowhere near so often as humorous Americans do. But I wish to say deliberately that human speech was never more honest than that of the aborigine "telling down" the traditions which are his history and the precedents of his law.

The tradition of Katzímo, the "Enchanted Mesa," has recently acquired such prominence that it need not be rehearsed in detail. Most briefly the case is thus: Katzímo is a great table-rock, 431 feet high, half a mile long, with perpendicular sides and a flat top. It is in western New Mexico, three miles north of the historic Quéres pueblo of Ácoma, which occupies a similar "cliff island," roomier, but only 357 feet high. Ácoma was visited by Coronado in 1540. The Ácoma tradition—ancient and universal in the tribe—is that their forefathers, far back of the conquest of 1540, occupied a pueblo on the summit of Katzímo: that once, when the people were at their fields in the plain, a cloudburst undermined a huge leaning rock at the foot of the cliff, up which they used to clamber to a greater crevice, whence steps were carved in the rock to the summit; that the fall of this "ladder rock" left their trail far above the reach of ladders there; that three women left in the pueblo perished; and that the people, thus strangely cut off from home, finally built the present Ácoma, which is reached by trails almost as dizzy, though it now has one good path.



THE MESA ENCANTADA FROM A TRAIL TO ÁCOMA.

In all probability the first white man who ever learned this ancient legend was Don Salomon Bibo, an educated German, who married an Ácoma wife (a very noble and womanly one, too), and has been several times Governor of that quaint Indian republic. He gave me an inkling of it when I was exploring New Mexico on foot in 1884. A few months later, with much difficulty, I began to get confirmation from the Indians. In 1885 it was definitive enough, so that I published it in a newspaper way, though it still took long to secure the full ceremonial form—indeed, it was six years before it was in such shape that I cared to put it in a book. In that time, slowly surmounting the barriers of language and of distrust, I came so far at last that every *principál* of Ácoma had confided to me more or less of the story, and several the full of it. Particularly Hashte Garcia, oldest of the Quéres; and Faustino, the herculean war-captain; and quiet Juanico; and, above all, brave old Martín Valle, *principál Mayór*, and seven times Governor. I am not ashamed to say that I came to love these old men. Possibly they cared for me. In the same month of his death, and with the writing upon his face, Martín, past his ninety years, rode his pony sixty miles across the desert to spend three days with me, and to return as he had come. There were no axes to grind; it was to chat with a friend and say good-by. I was packing for South America, and both knew we should never meet again. We talked of many things we had known together, and of the days of the old. And that last night, when I asked him, my *umo* (grandfather) retold his "little brother," for the last time and without the lapse of a word, the tradition of Katzímo.

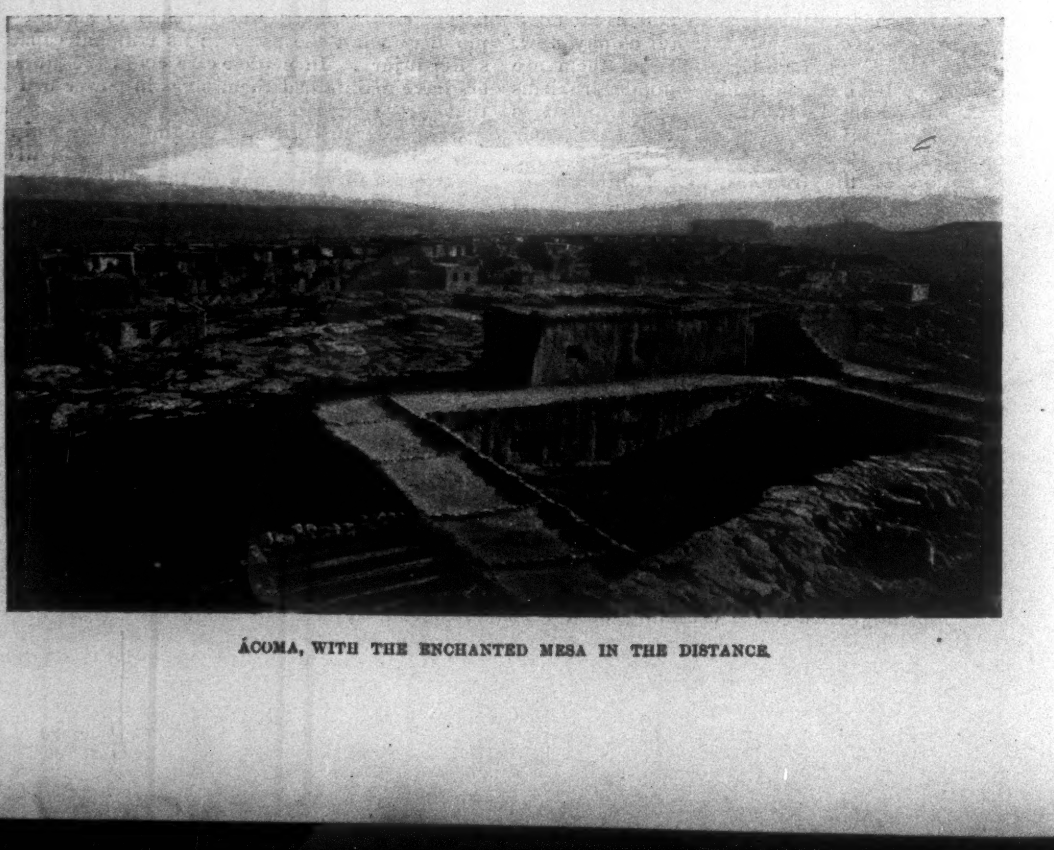
Certainly frontier life does not breed credulity. But I would not envy any man who could have watched that fine old face or weighed that reverent voice and then said in his heart that all men are liars.

Students will understand the weight of a tradition thus traced and corroborated. I had longings to climb the Enchanted Mesa, not for confirmation of a legend which no one of authority in ethnology would doubt, but for romance and curiosity's sake. Unfortunately, during those years in New Mexico I was a cripple, paralyzed on the left side—not precisely a baby, nor to be halted by four-foot crevices, as many wild horses and wild places could testify. But the climbing of Katzímo needs two hands, at least, even now that it is so much easier to get from the talus to the foot of the trail than it was then, the talus being built up by thousands of tons of rocks, so recently fallen that their corners are not yet smoothed by erosion.

But the top was not essential. The story was complete in the talus itself, which I did explore many times. In that vast heap of earth and stone, transferred by erosion from the summit and walls, I dug and gathered all-sufficient proof; not only fragments of stone artefects, not only the most ancient potsherds (and no student could any more confound the various stages of Pueblo pottery one with another than he could mistake any of them for anything else on earth)—not only that, but one piece of still more deeply significant pottery. Any expert will bear me out in saying that that pottery was made in a distant region whose youngest pueblo was already a forgotten ruin in 1540. It is a trace from the proved prehistoric trading between tribes.

A dozen years ago Ácoma Indians showed me where the "ladder-rock" once stood, and pointed out the gorge up which the trail had led from it. They did not doubt; neither did I; but none of us dreamed how wonderfully their immemorial legend was to be verified in detail some day. Yet it may appear now why I had no hesitation in disputing promptly, and in type (August 1), the confident and widely bruited declaration that the mesa had been "disenchanted."

Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, had, in 1895, visited the foot of Katzímo and explored the talus. He was familiar with the tradition as recorded by me, and he now received corroboration from the Indians. Being a trained field student, he had confidence in the legend—this is not the first Indian "myth" he had proved historically true. Naturally he understood the talus and its lessons. He did not fail to realize that this vast heap, 224 feet high and over a mile in periphery, had come from the cliff-top, and that the presence of innumerable artefects in the pile proved that a village of the Pueblos had once stood upon the summit. He had not appliances for



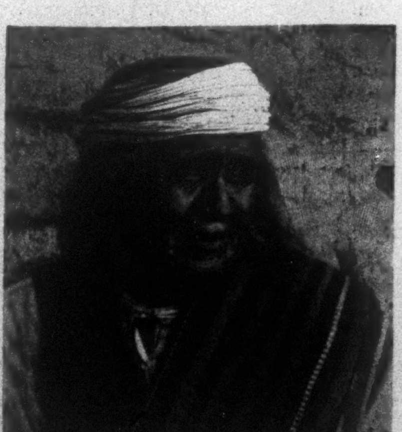
ÁCOMA, WITH THE ENCHANTED MESA IN THE DISTANCE.

AN AERIAL RAILWAY TO THE KLONDIKE—PROPOSED METHOD OF OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHILKOOT TRAIL.

scaling the cliff, but the proof was already conclusive—as it would have been to any scientist familiar with the field.

Then came this summer, and the confident "disenchantment" of the Enchanted Mesa. A scientist had climbed the rock by the appliances of the life-saving service. He had "thoroughly explored every portion of the top." There was "not the slightest trace that human foot had ever before passed over the summit of that famous rock." Emphatically there were no fragments even of anything ever made by the hand of man.

To the general public this seemed to settle it, and for forty-one days the mesa was very widely disenchanted. To trained students of the Southwest, however, the outlook was very different. Mr. Hodge chanced to be in New Mexico on other archæologic work. Reading the official reports of the disenchanting expedition, he saw instantly, as did others, that exploration so inexpert carried no weight. He went up himself, with expert companions, with a thirty-six-foot ladder and some rope. On the summit he found absolute confirmation of ancient human occupancy. Potsherds, stone-axes, and other artefects, a cairn of stones unmistakably reared by man, and other evidence, whose finality no student of the Southwest can for a moment doubt, had escaped the wholesale denudation of the summit. The adobe walls of the prehistoric pueblo, melted by the rains of at least five centuries, have washed down the cliff along with the soil. Since that town was deserted, ancient junipers have sprouted and grown gray and died as the earth has been stripped away by erosion. The trees, perished by the disappearance of the soil they once had; the talus, heaped to a mountain by the accession of that waste—these tell what has happened to the top of Katzímo.



JUANICO,
A Councillor of Ácoma.

Above all, Mr. Hodge found in the gorge above the highest point of the talus the actual steps, here and there, of the prehistoric trail—precisely where the councillors of Ácoma told me, a decade ago, that we would find the trail

MARTÍN VALLE,
Seven times Governor of Ácoma.

if we could only get up to it. Those steps are carved in the living rock, exactly like those on the oldest trails to the Ácoma of to-day, and are so plain that they can be identified even in a good photograph. If nothing else had been found, this trail alone would prove, in any expert court, the truth of the Ácoma legend. So would the contents of the talus alone. So would the artefects found on the summit.

The ethnologist's faith in aboriginal tradition is generic, and does not rest on any one case. The Enchanted Mesa might have been "exploded" for good without in the least affecting the general rule. But instead of proving an exception, Katzímo will hereafter be remembered as the most diagrammatic example of the rule. No archæologic nail in North America was ever before driven home so conclusively before so large an audience.

To the stranger it may seem remarkable that such mistakes could be made as those of the "disenchantment"; yet we should not be puzzled if ever so intelligent a man, who had never looked into a chemistry, were to blunder in attempting a difficult assay. If there is an esoteric subject on earth it is Southwestern archæology, and in more familiar paths there are pitfalls. The very meteorology and landscapes are recondite to the man from humid lands. The people who make shipwreck here in mines, ranching, cattle, are precisely those who know all about those things before they come, and in ethnology no less. The most extraordinary genius that was ever bent upon our archæology needed eleven years of monumental study and of real hardship to learn what Bandelier learned of New Mexico. He lived as an Indian among Indians, trudged on foot thousands of desert miles, lay alone in the snow with small-pox, and braved innumerable other things that he might know. Dr. Matthews began a work he would not yet call finished while many of his successors were still schoolboys. Mr. Cushing bore years of deprivation before even his most rare talent as an archæologic detective made him an authority on the Southwest. Mr. Hodge, whose patient, prudent, competent work has gained him substantial reputation wherever there are scientists, earned it by years of arduous experience in the field, on top of all the study required. Nor has any man learned of that mysterious land anything seriously worth knowing at less expense of time and labor than a college course implies, not to mention hardships quite unknown to ordinary scholarships. In New Mexico, as elsewhere—and much more pointedly than in some other fields—the only way to know is to have learned.

RAILWAY TO THE KLONDIKE.

Last summer and fall upwards of seven thousand people were massed in Dyea and Skagway on the Klondike trails, divided by twenty-seven miles of rugged mountain from El Dorado. Most of them were daunted by the terrible difficulties facing them, and turned back. A few, after undergoing great trials, got through successfully.

HASHTE GARCIA,
Oldest of the Quéres.

It is now proposed to conquer this mountain barrier by means of an aerial tramway, which the promoters promise to install by February 1, 1898, and which they claim will make the way to the new gold-fields not only speedy, but comfortable.

A company has been recently organized at Tacoma, and has selected the Dyea Trail as the most practicable mountain route. An engineering survey was made by an Eastern iron company, who contracted to span the range with an aerial cable tramway, and to have it ready for operation by January 15, 1898.

Cable tramways of this kind are operated successfully in various parts of the world, especially for mountain mining. A double five-eighth-inch steel-wire cable, supported by cross-arms on iron standards, constitutes the track on which the cars run, each one of the capacity of a ton burden. The cars are suspended from the cable by a stout frame, carrying two grooved wheels running on the cable. Propulsion is by another continuous cable, driven from a central power-house. It is proposed to construct the Dyea cable line in two sections, four miles and three and one-half miles long, with a fifty horse-power engine at Sheep Camp, where fuel is plentiful, as the source of power. Over the comparatively level route the standards supporting the main carrying cable, thirteen feet high, will be 100 feet apart. The longest stretch over canyons, where the cars will needs make an aerial flight, will be 1600 feet.

The cars are attached and detached from the cable by an automatic device at the ends of the line. They return by a cable at the opposite end of the cross-arms from that which brings them, and the operation is continuous. This aerial line will cross Chilkoot Pass at 3500 feet above the sea-level. The first eight miles of the twenty-seven from Dyea to Fort Lindeman are to be made by a narrow-gauge railway, and then will come the cable. The steepest incline will be made by the second cable, which will land passengers and freight on the other side of the mountain. There, for the present at least, the gold-hunters will have to look after their own transportation, but in distance and difficulty the remaining route offers no great discouragement.

When in August last the first gold-hunters reached Dyea, the Indians and other freight-packers charged twenty cents a pound to Fort Lindeman. This quickly advanced to double, with no certainty that the time contract would be kept, or even that the goods would not be stolen or abandoned. In other words, $800 per ton, with no guarantee at that, was the price paid. The estimated capacity of the new tramway is 120 tons per day, and the rate suggested is ten cents a pound. As at full capacity this would produce a gross income of $720,000 a month, it is not unlikely that several other similar lines will shortly be put in operation if the first one proves to be a success.

From Tacoma to Dawson, *via* Dyea, is 1460 miles. By St. Michael and the lower Yukon it is 4500 miles. This trip requires fifty days, and can only be made for two months of the year at most. By the aerial cable and the Dyea route, it is believed that the time will be shortened to fifteen days, and the way will be open for from seven to eight months a year.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The chance of seeing an American play on the French stage is so rare, not to say so unique, that I seized it the other night, and went to Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* at the Renaissance Theatre. I was the more eager to go because I am not in Paris more than three or four times in a century, and I did not know how late it might be in the nineteen hundreds before I was here again.

I.

The Renaissance is a pretty ugly little theatre, with an expression of dinginess which I should hardly be able to account for by the fact, and it was not quite full, that night, though it was by no means empty. Perhaps it was three-fourths full, as to all parts of the house, which crowds itself upon the stage in a succession of galleries, with a box at either end of each, in the American fashion. It is like a small New York theatre, but not so cheerful and not so tasteful. The chairs, I think are almost as bad as ours, and if I had not been in the midst of some vacant ones, I think I should have been cramped in my seat. Most of the people about me were French; but though it is imperative at the Renaissance for ladies to take their hats off, all the ladies kept their hats on, and in losing a good third of the spectacle behind the umbrageous headgear of a row of *jeunes filles* in front of me, I felt quite at home in spite of the prevailing nationality. Besides, I distinguished two elderly Americans near me, of the dreary type of willing or unwilling expatriates who abound in Paris, and of whom these had imaginably come there to refresh themselves with a native play as with a mixed drink of their lost country. Presently two young Englishmen took places beside me, and contributed by their somewhat exacting indifference to a certain depression which I felt throughout. This was not relieved by the enthusiasm of an admiring German who explained the dramatic situation to the ladies with him. It was not relieved by the applause which the house broke into at times, as if from an authoritative leading, and I did not find it cheering, though I found it amusing, to have the upper gallery signify its impatience with the delay of the curtain by stamping and groaning as in country shows with us.

II.

Neither was the behavior of the people on the stage such as to counteract my dejection. It seemed to me that with a certain constancy to their artistic training, they were less concerned than they might have been with the piece in hand. It seemed to me (but this might have been an error) that they patronized and tolerated rather than respected that really uncommon material.

I do not think they played well. They played evenly, but, with a few exceptions, lifelessly and not very intelligently. The chief exception to the general dulness, voluntary and involuntary, was M. Courtès in the part of Jonas, who gave it with the utmost conscience and fidelity, and with a perfect sense, not only of the author's intention, but of the negro's stolidly heroic character. Next to this was the playing of M. Brule in Wilfred Barney, which was full of imagination and sympathy; and then Mlle. Clary in Caroline Mitford meant extremely well, and did extremely well, within the impossibilities of the part. She had to render in terms more or less *jeunes filles* a notion of a young Southern girl triumphant in the chivalric tenderness which Americans feel for the very caprices and excesses of femininity. I think she must have failed with her French audience, but one who was to the manner born could be aware of her intention. When one had seen Miss Odette Tyler *live* that character, however, and realize it to the last tint and touch, one could do little with Mlle. Clary's performance beyond a respectful homage to her desire of doing it well.

Mlle. Cerny as Edith Barney was what the stage, and especially the French stage, has long wished a heroine to be. She was not more, and she was not less; and in so far as art is superior to nature she was admirable; but I prefer the inferiority of nature. Her part was curiously bad and good; it was very decoratively done; and perhaps it was my misfortune to sit so near that I could see the brush-work of the picture too plainly.

As for the Maxwell of M. Guitry it was built so closely upon the lines of Mr. Gillette's Maxwell that there were moments of it when Mr. Gillette seemed there. I suppose M. Guitry may have seen and studied Mr. Gillette in London; but a Frenchman could never, or never for long, give the part with the phlegm native and proper to it; and perhaps if he could, other Frenchmen would not stand it. M. Guitry shortened and scamped the scene at the telegraph-office which Mr. Gillette fills with such effective detail, so that the loss was only less lamentable than one experienced in Mlle. Clary's failure to recall Miss Tyler's Caroline in the same act. The innocence, the audacity, of the American girl could not be literally translated, and Mlle. Clary here briefly paraphrased it, as the French are apt to do with baffling foreign material.

I feared for what they would do with that absolute fact of a telegraph-operator whom Maxwell replaces in this scene, and I was not disappointed. They did nothing with him, and could not; his character was utterly beyond the scope of their art, far as it goes on its own ground. It was so with the orderlies coming in and out with despatches; they who were only less English, with their cap-bands under their chins, than the two Confederate officers who wore coats of bloody British red. These aberrations were the more notable because most of the Confederate rank and file were extremely accurate in their reproduction of the Southern originals; and several of them were so good that I heard with confusion and incredulity the French that came from their lips instead of the American accents which the excellent illusion had taught me to expect.

III.

I am tempted to let you reprint the cast of the piece in the hope that it may give your readers some sense of the familiar strangeness, the strange familiarity, of the whole affair.

THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE

Mercredi 13 Octobre 1897

SERVICE SECRET

PIÈCE EN QUATRE ACTES

D'APRÈS L'ORIGINAL AMÉRICAIN DE M. W. GILLETTE PAR M. PIERRE DECOURCELLE

MM.	GUITRY	*Capitaine Maxwell.*
	COURTÈS	*Jonas.*
	MAURICE LUGUET	*Arrelsford.*
	LAROCHE	*Henri Lewis.*
	BRULE	*Wilfred Barney.*
	LEFRANÇAIS	*Lieutenant Forster.*
	JAHAN	*Brigadier général Nelson.*
	FONTANES	*Capitaine Robertson.*
	CAUROY	*Randolph.*
	LARMANDY	*Lieutenant Ensing.*
	JOURDA	*Lieutenant Brown.*
	YVES MARTEL	*Lieutenant Tyrrell.*
	GIRARD	*Sergent Ellington.*
	GRIGNON	*Sergent Wilson.*
	BERTHAUD	*Sergent Parker.*
	DELISLE	*Matson.*
Mmes	BERTHE CERNY	*Edith Barney.*
	ANTONIA LAURENT	*Mistress Barney.*
	CLARY (Débuts)	*Caroline Mitford.*
	ROYER	*Miss Kittridge.*
	BAUCHÉ	*Martha.*

Les autres rôles par MM. Thony, Roussel, Thouars, Woll, Certemery, Charpenel, Saint-Aignan, G. Roberval.

You will see by this that the play was written in American rather than English; and that fact may account for the persistence of some of its strong native qualities in defiance of the translator or adapter. I wondered, and I still wonder, what the neat French mind did with these, as they reached it in that audience. We at home have such a hospitable digestion that we assimilate almost any sort of foreign substance, but it is different with the stomachs of more homogeneous civilizations. I suspected the French spectators at the Renaissance of having received something into their systems that would disorder them for days, and send them to *tisanes* for relief, and perhaps lay some of them up. It seemed to me that they listened, not so much in a critical, as in a diffident mood, and that they were often silent for this reason when they really liked what was going on. Some of the younger and rasher of them laughed of their own initiative at the amusing passages of the play, but I fancied that the elders distrusted the humor even more than the pathos. Indeed, of the two pathos is always the more portable, and it conveyed itself in this instance, I dare say, to intelligences that gave no outward response.

The audience was not so much cold as dazed in effect, not so much displeased as puzzled. The French stage will never take to our flirtations as our stage has taken to its *liaisons*; and I am afraid that the most of our motives and emotions would be lost upon it. So far, our really native drama is essentially unliterary; it does not speak the language which is common to all drama elsewhere, and which makes Ibsen, or Sudermann, or Pinero, or Bernard Shaw, or Oscar Wilde appreciable to the whole world. It is the more intimately ours for this reason, but for this reason we must have the less hope of imparting it readily.

To be sure, there is no telling what effect such a play as *Secret Service* would have with the artistic French nature if it could be given it at first hand: if Mr. Gillette, say, and especially if Miss Odette Tyler could be translated into French, as well as their rôles, a Parisian audience might have some notion of what the dramatist meant. I do not deny that as it is they receive an impression of his intention. Except for those one or two red coats and those cap-bands under the chin, the exterior of the play as we had it at home was preserved with surprising success. Sometimes, if it had not been for the dialogue, I could have supposed myself sitting before the same scene in the Garrick in New York. But this illusion was of as imperfect and fleeting quality, as those intimations of Broadway which offered themselves to me when I left the theatre, and went out upon the Boulevard.

IV.

After all, however, and with all the drawbacks, the event is very interesting. It is no mean triumph for us that in little more than a century of national life we have been able to evolve a drama so potent in certain things that the most dramaticized audiences of the Old World receive it with curiosity, with a degree of unmistakable respect, and with a certain conviction of its excellence. I should not predict a very long run for *Secret Service* at the Renaissance, but that does not matter. The significance of the fact that it is there at all is that we are nothing except as we are American in the expression of human nature and character. We are the crooked stick among nations, perhaps, but it is not by lying straight, or trying for it, that we shall have their attention, or their admiration. It is our affair rather to turn our crookedness into lines of beauty without warping or rending the native grain, and then to let the result take care of itself. It is not because *Secret Service* is like the French drama that it is now appealing to the French public.

W. D. Howells.

RIVERSIDE HEIGHTS.

The mystic, melancholy autumn lights,
  Pink, saffron, golden, sifted through dim haze,
Fall on these lofty and alluring heights
  Which tempted lately the midsummer's blaze;

Their grass-grown slopes are quickly yellowing now,
  And presages of winter are foreseen;
Some towering rock shows its denuded brow,
  Stray garden-spots have lost their dewy green;

Below our tranquil, legendary stream,
  The silvery and sequestered Hudson, glides,
Bearing its past of passionate hope and dream,
  Bearing the future on its fluent tides;

The thunder of the city echoes here
  With softened diapason, and the fire
Of life is mellowed as the world grows sere,
  And breezes chant in a quiescent quire;

Where are the skies more blue, the air more filled
  With exquisite sense of fresh and nurturing time?
Where is the fancy more divinely thrilled,
  The soul more quickened to a joy sublime?

For here the new world trumpets all its song,
  Its song of liberty and glorious trust;
Here men may feel their manhood and grow strong,
  Here patriots stand uncowed by tyrannous lust....

Death lies behind: life in the present brings
  Its eager progress to some noble end—
We have our burdens and our sorrowings,
  But love leaps upward in a joyous trend.

Here in a grander future men shall see
  A vast cathedral with irradiant spires,
And palaces whose splendid halls shall be
  Lyric with life and masterful desires;

Here one should be devout: here one should cry
  His loyal thought; here he should bravely plant
The sacred seed of truth beneath a sky
  That smiles upon the white Greek tomb of Grant—

Here Art and Science, with supreme intent,
  Shall raise their schools, and glittering flags unfurled
Shall float above each mighty monument
  On this Acropolis of our Western world.

George Edgar Montgomery.

LOST IN LONDON.

The phrase suggests a melodrama, with virtue and poverty in distress. But it seems that people are not the only things lost and found in the metropolis. According to the official report, the street-sweepers of the city, in a term of one year recently defined, have found about twenty-two thousand dollars in gold, silver, or copper current money; checks to the amount of about six hundred dollars, and nearly ten thousand dollars' worth of banknotes. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities does not reach the measure of stock findings. Besides this were swept up sixty-eight ladies' watches, six men's watches, two hundred and twelve rings, one hundred and thirty-four jewelled pins, six hundred and eighteen bracelets, ninety-eight opera-glasses, and six sets of—false teeth. These last seem to be classed (judging from the above list) as British articles of luxury.

THIS BUSY WORLD

No news of Andrée. The steamer *Victoria*, which started on November 5 to look for him, came back three weeks later from Spitzbergen without finding any trace of him. The *Victoria* was provisioned for eight months, but doubtless found extended searchings in the north impracticable so late in the year.

The purchase of the Sewall collection of prints for the Boston Art Museum is, in some measure, a case of the return of bread cast upon the waters. It was bought with the bequest of Harvey D. Parker, the well-known innkeeper of School Street. When we remember for how many years Harvard College supplied continuous patronage to Mr. Parker's house of entertainment, his gift of $100,000 to the Art Museum seems like a graceful recognition of his obligations to contemporary culture. The Sewall collection of 23,000 prints was gathered by the late Henry F. Sewall, of New York, and bequeathed by him to his son. It has been for sale for several years, and its value was appraised at $78,000. The Boston Art Museum is understood to have bought it for a price considerably less than that. It is strong in Rembrandts and Dürers, very strong in works by fifteenth-century Italians, and remarkably strong in portraits, while it does not appear to be weak in anything. It was offered to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Smithsonian Institution, but neither of them could afford to buy it. Boston art-lovers hug themselves with satisfaction that so rare a treasure should have come to their town.

It is narrated (by a graduate of Princeton) that when the Harvard football team went to West Point, and the struggle with the cadet eleven reached a point of extreme intensity, the West Point coachers ran back and forth on the side-lines, bellowing, "Whoop it up, West Point!" "Tear 'em up, West Point!" "Now, boys, go through em'!" "Go for 'em, West Point!" and the like. But the Harvard coachers, alert but self-respectful, cried, in Boston accents, "Fiercely, Harvard! fiercely!"

Another tale of kindred aim ascribes the recent dropping of "H's" by the Harvard football team to consideration for Harvard's English coach.

Such are the labored and despicable calumnies by which the partisans of mushroom institutions, jealous of Harvard's prestige, seek to make her very distinctions detract from her fame.

Here is the list of twelve gentlemen whose names are signed to a new appeal in behalf of the fund for the Lowell Memorial Park at Cambridge: Lyman Abbot, D.D., Grover Cleveland, John Fisk, Richard Watson Gilder, T. W. Higginson, W. D. Howells, Henry Cabot Lodge, John D. Long, Seth Low, Richard Olney, Theodore Roosevelt, Roger Wolcott.

To find so many famous men alive and in America at one time is great good luck. To get them all to agree to want and ask for the same thing is a marvel of good fortune. Merely to read such a list brings rhymes to the point of one's pen, and suggests descriptive pæans, *e.g.*:

A man who doubts if Jonah ever occupied the whale;
The doughty pair who twisted so the B—h l—n's t—l;
One poet—two of them, some think (a penny let them toss);
The First Assistant Ruler of the Navy, and his boss;
Not less than three historians—more likely four than not
(So many strings these archers twang you can't tell which is what);
A Senator, an essayist, a Governor, Seth Low—
Who may withstand so stanch a band, or who shall say them No?

The Lowell Memorial Park in Cambridge, in which the distinguished gentlemen above described have interested themselves, will cost $35,000. Of that sum the Metropolitan Park Board of Boston will furnish one-third, provided the rest can be raised by subscription. Of this balance about $7500 has been already subscribed, leaving $16,000 or thereabouts still to be raised. The committee says that the rumor which was started last summer by a New York newspaper that a rich New York gentleman had subscribed the needed balance had a bad effect for a time on contributions, but now that that untruthful report has been thoroughly contradicted, they begin to flow in again. Messrs J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, receive subscriptions to this fund.

A remarkable college memorial is the bell-tower to contain a chime of eleven bells which is being built on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames. It is in memory of Margaret McDonald Stanton, wife of the Professor of Political Economy in the college. The tower is being built by the State in appreciation of Mrs. Stanton's services as an educator and as a founder of the college. The bells are to be the gift of Professor Stanton. Woman's title to official appreciation seems to be frankly recognized in Iowa.

The immense commotion in France over the case of Captain Dreyfus is an example of the evil results of too much privacy. It has been doubted before whether the administration of justice was included among the things which are better done in France, but certainly it would appear that the accomplishment of military justice at least is not in that list. It may be said of Dreyfus,

They've taken of his buttons off
an' cut his stripes away,

and sent him to languish on a sandy island under a surveillance that seems nicely adapted to upset his reason within a very limited time; but whatever moral effect it was hoped to produce by such punishment must be effectually destroyed. It cannot promote patriotism to know that an officer is an outcast from the living world while so many intelligent and influential persons proclaim their profound belief in his innocence. So far as appears, Captain Dreyfus's conviction rested on the opinion of experts that certain scraps of doubtful handwriting were written by him, but the whole case is what fearless and unrestricted writers term "shrouded in mystery," and if it is ever to have the shroud pulled off it the French must somehow contrive to do it themselves. Some persons in Germany know whether Dreyfus is guilty or not. Their private comments on the case would make very interesting reading, but they are not likely to be read by the present generation. One of the interesting reports that have come over the cable represents that at the time of the Dreyfus trial Emperor William sent private assurance to President Casimir-Périer that the accused was not guilty, and offered to publish his assurances to that effect. But nothing came of it (if it ever happened), and Casimir-Périer soon afterwards resigned.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* is at some pains to correct what seems to him a mistaken impression that the appointment of Mr. Taylor, the new Supervising Architect of the Treasury, was in any sense a political appointment. The appointment was made after a civil service examination, in which there were many competitors. Mr. Taylor was one of the three leading contestants from whom the Secretary had to choose. He was preferred to his companions in merit as being familiar with the work of the office and of demonstrated efficiency in that work. The *Post's* informant says that Mr. Taylor made no effort to have the Secretary's choice influenced in any way, and though since his appointment he has been described as "a good Republican," he had of late years exercised so much personal discrimination in voting that it is hard to say to which party he belongs. The efforts of Secretary Gage to make architectural considerations exclusively influential in the Supervising Architect's office has excited so much satisfaction that it is a pleasure to believe that Mr. Taylor's appointment is as nearly ideal as the imperfection of human affairs admits.

The report that the Nobel prize of $60,000, or thereabouts, to the person who has done most to promote peace, is to be awarded this year to Vereschagin, the painter, tends to make thoughtful persons wonder once more whether the great Nobel prizes will ever do any particular good. The basis of the award to Vereschagin is that his pictures are bloody and unpleasant, and put the observer out of conceit with battles. Vereschagin, when last heard from, was sketching the turbulent scenes in the Austrian Parliament, with a view to getting increased "ginger" into his next war scenes. If his paintings are really such promoters of peace, it would pay the Chamber of Commerce of New York to import, at its own cost, a complete set of them, to be presented to the people of the United States and hung as conspicuously as possible in the halls of government at Washington. That might be as effectual a safeguard for Gotham as more defences and defenders at Sandy Hook.

Persons who find that their credulity begins to creak for lack of exercise are offered a choice of two interesting tales, over either of which they may limber up their faith. One story, which the newspapers give us from time to time, alleges that there is little doubt now about the ability of Dr. Emmens to turn silver into gold by mechanical means. It seems that he puts his silver under an enormous pressure, and that it comes out golden. When we recall the pressure used in Congress two or three years ago to make silver and gold interchangeable, and remember that it didn't work, of course we are inclined to believe that Dr. Emmens, or some one, is fibbing, but if there should turn out to be something in his method, it would greatly simplify bimetallism.

The other good story is about the Cocos Island treasure. Cocos Island is in the Pacific Ocean, about five hundred miles west of Panama. Thither, we are told, a notable aggregation of gold, silver, and jewels was carried, about 1815, and hidden away in a safe place out of reach of the revolutionists, who were active at that time in the Spanish colonies of South America. The British war-ship *Impérieuse* was at Cocos Island early in October, and the public has been invited to suspect that her errand was connected with the mythical treasure, and that she either found it and brought it back, or brought part of it back (one ship-load perhaps), or found reason to believe that she could have found it if her engagements had permitted. The traditional reticence of persons who have unearthed immense hoards makes it difficult to ascertain the exact truth about this Cocos Island story; but any reader of the Weekly who unexpectedly finds old Spanish-American gold pieces in his loose change will please remember that the assessed valuation of the treasure was $30,000,000.

This year, in Missouri, the school-children, at the request of the State Superintendent of Schools, kept November 4 as "Eugene Field day." It is the anniversary of Field's death. It was observed, it seems, in all the public schools by reading of essays and the recitation of his poems. In Missouri they call Field "the Missouri poet," and though in most minds he is associated more with Chicago than with Missouri, it is true that he was born in St. Louis. Missouri even feels so strong a proprietary interest in him that it is proposed to build a monument in memory of him at the State University at Columbia, and collections for it are to be taken up yearly on his day in the schools.

Most men of letters, even those who have a true gift of verse-making, find the exercise of that talent comparatively unremunerative. If they persist in writing verse when they might be writing marketable prose, it is usually because they have a true love for poetry, and the fascination of developing the relation between rhymes and ideas overcomes their more sordid propensities. It is notorious that Tennyson, in the course of years, found poetry very lucrative; and so doubtless does Kipling, but most poets don't. Of Kipling, by-the-way, it is related that he declined payment from the London *Times* for the poem called "Recessional." That poem, it seems, he preferred should go out as a purely disinterested expression of feeling; and he had the same sentiment—so goes the tale—about his other recent patriotic poem, "Our Lady of Snows." "Recessional" was a poem beyond price, and it is pleasant to believe that no price was put upon it.

President Eliot, in addressing the Unitarian ministers of Massachusetts on November 22, told them what an advantageous place the Harvard Divinity School was for intending ministers to study in, and mentioned it as strange but true that now almost every year Unitarian students find themselves in a minority in that school. The school, he said, needed help from the Unitarian churches in recruiting for the ministry; and he noted it as a matter worthy of comment that while lawyers and doctors usually sent their sons to the school they had been to themselves, and brought them up to their own profession, it seemed not to be so with Unitarian ministers. They are not generally disposed, it seems, to make Unitarian ministers of their sons. Dr. Eliot may with entirely good grace express his surprise at this shortcoming, for his own opinion of the Unitarian ministry as a profession is indicated by the fact that one of his sons has already won distinction in it. There are those who think that the Unitarian Church has done its work so effectually as to stop its own growth and make its future somewhat doubtful. All the other churches have become so much more liberal since the Unitarian movement began that zealous young men with liberal ideas of theology are more comfortable in any of them than they could have been in the Unitarian Church if it had made no progress since it started. Consider that Theodore Parker was dropped from Unitarian fellowship because he disbelieved in the verbal inspiration of the Bible! What an immense modification of theological requirements there has been since then. People who want religion usually want just as much belief as they can assimilate. It may be that the contemporary young theologian feels able to assimilate somewhat more of positive belief than the Unitarian Church at present offers, and is therefore attracted to other churches.

The Parliament of Canada is to be invited this winter to guarantee $15,000,000 worth of bonds for the Georgian Bay Canal. The canal, if it be ever built, will connect Georgian Bay with the Ottawa River, and so form a direct route from the western lakes to Montreal and the sea. It would shorten the voyage from Lake Michigan and Lake Superior to the sea by about four hundred miles, and would provide for Canada a safe route, in case of war, from Montreal to the lakes. The cost of this luxury is estimated at about $25,000,000, and we are told that there is now a serious purpose to begin the work.

During the year ending November 1 the Children's Aid Society of New York spent $380,466. It conducted twenty industrial schools in the crowded tenement districts, where immigrants find their first shelter, at a cost of $141,925. The average daily attendance at these schools during the year was 6546, making the annual cost for each child $21 68. In its lodging-houses 5848 boys and girls were fed, sheltered, and taught. They paid $24,864, and in addition to that sum cost the society $32,139. At the society's Farm School 436 boys were tried, and 260, being found fit, were placed in country homes. The average cost of training was $36 69. For 1988 children, in all, homes and employment were found, nearly two-thirds of them being sent to the country.

There are many more figures than these in the society's report, which includes statistics of work done in the Sick Children's Mission; the Summer Home at Bath Beach, where 5271 children went; the Health Home at Coney Island, where 5222 mothers took sick infants; and the Elizabeth Home for Girls. Here, however, are statistics enough to give an idea of the scope and magnitude of the work. A better work it would be hard to imagine, and its execution seems to be as admirable as its aims. The treasurer's report shows a deficit at the end of this fiscal year of $435 as against a deficit at the beginning of the year of $21,620. The society is proud of the careful economy which enables it to maintain a remarkable ratio between its expenditures and the work it accomplishes. Only experts in organized charity can appreciate how far it makes its money go.

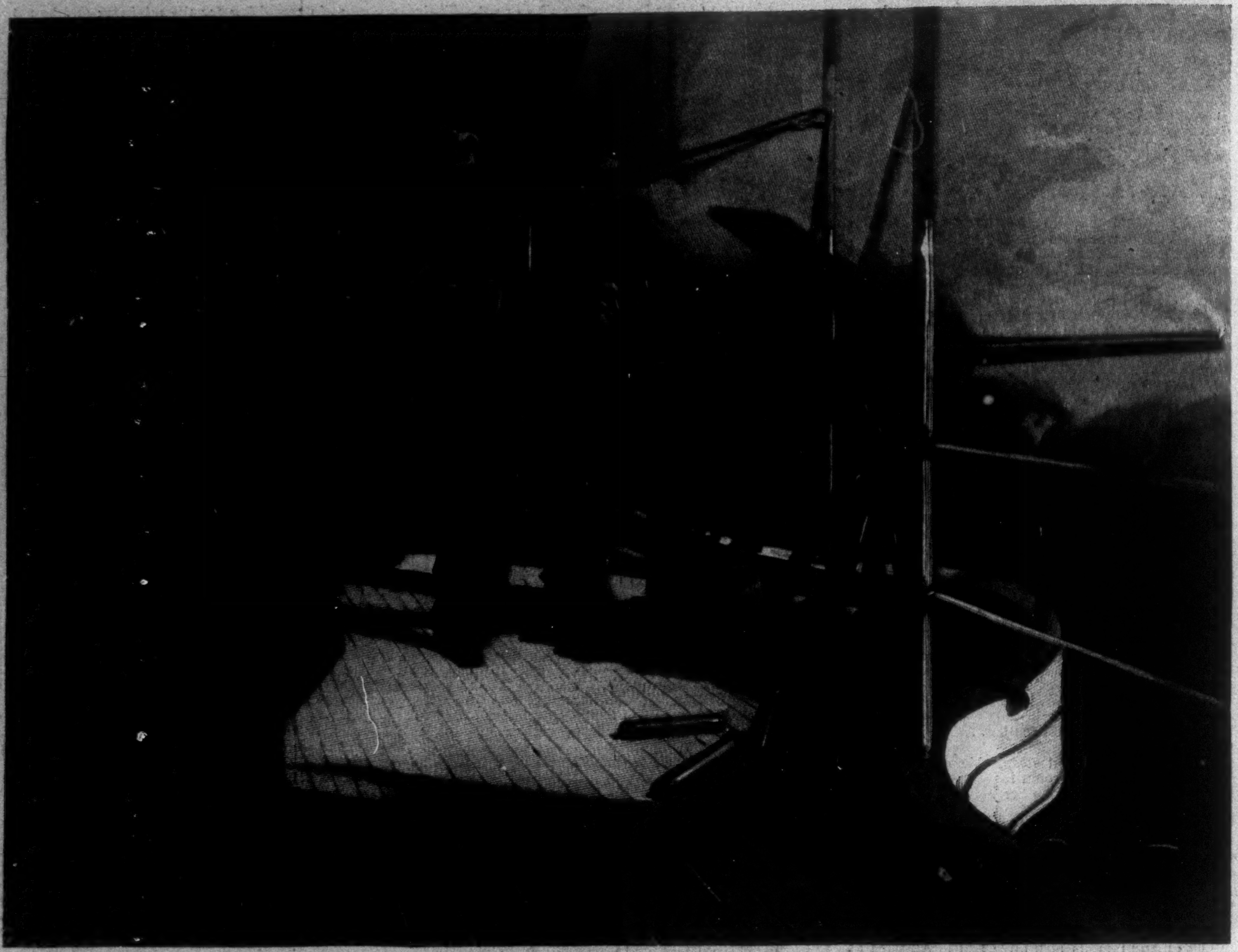
Mr. W. T. Stead has written a book about New York and named it *Satan's Invisible World Displayed; or, Despairing Democracy.* He borrowed the first clause of his title from Hopkins's *Treatise on Witch-finding*, and the sub-title is the expression of his feeling that in the new charter for Greater New York, with the enlarged powers it gives the Mayor, all attempt at democratic government is given up.

The investigations of the Lexow committee afford him very important material for his deliverance, and of course the information he obtained from them is not adapted for use in picturing Gotham as an earthly paradise. The book has not reached New York yet, and if, when it comes, it is found to hold up the American metropolis as a horrible example of what a city ought not to be, we shall have to hide our desperation, and find what comfort we can in remembering that Mr. Stead has found much in London that seemed to him amiss, and also much in Chicago. Mr. Stead makes a pretty good end-of-the-century Jeremiah, and he has the advantage of his Hebrew prototype in having oceans of printer's ink at his command.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's newest educational investment is Rockefeller Hall at Vassar College, a recitation building which cost about $100,000, and was dedicated on November 19. The donor was kept away from the dedication ceremonies by business engagements, but President Hall of Clark University was there and made the principal address, in which he set forth the obligation of every one who hopes to be truly useful to cultivate health and maintain the best possible physical condition.

A year ago last October Dr. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Now rumor says he is about to retire, partly on account of the deterioration in his eyesight. The report seems not improbable, for the Archbishop is well on in years, and celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday on November 30. He has held many considerable places. From 1858 to 1869 he was head master of Rugby School, for sixteen years following he was Bishop of Exeter, and for eleven years Bishop of London. His start in life was such as he could have got nowhere but in England, for he was the son of an army officer, got his schooling at Tiverton Grammar-School, was Scholar of Balliol College at Oxford, took his B. A. degree there in 1842 as double first class, was elected Fellow and Tutor of his college, and held two other appointments between the year of his ordination (1846) and 1858, when he was called to Rugby. For the right man the English educational system is ideal, profiting both the man, who benefits by the system, and the country, which benefits by the man.

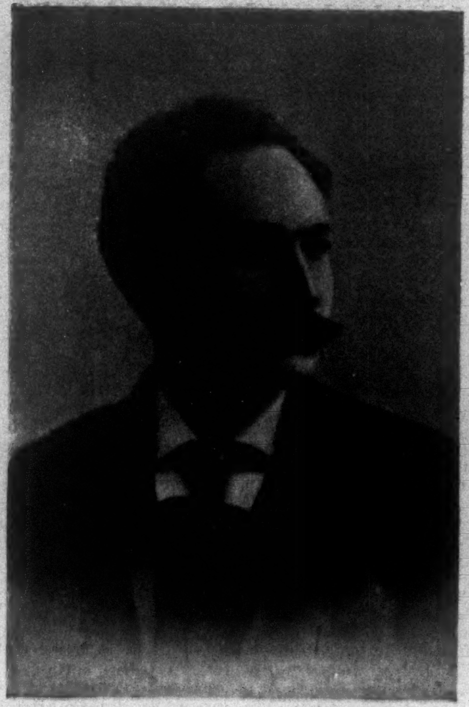
E. S. Martin.

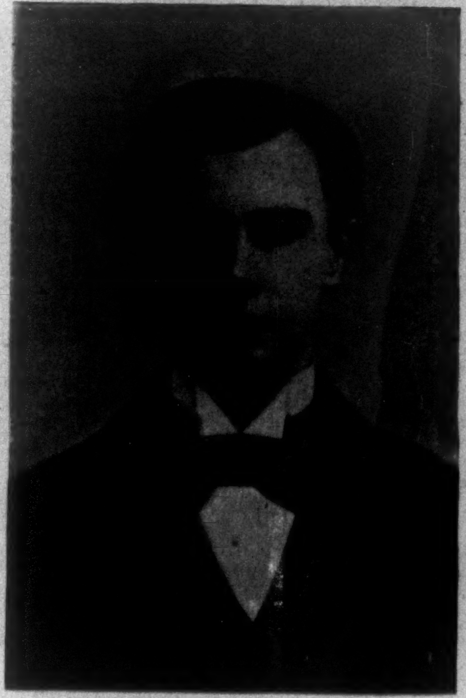


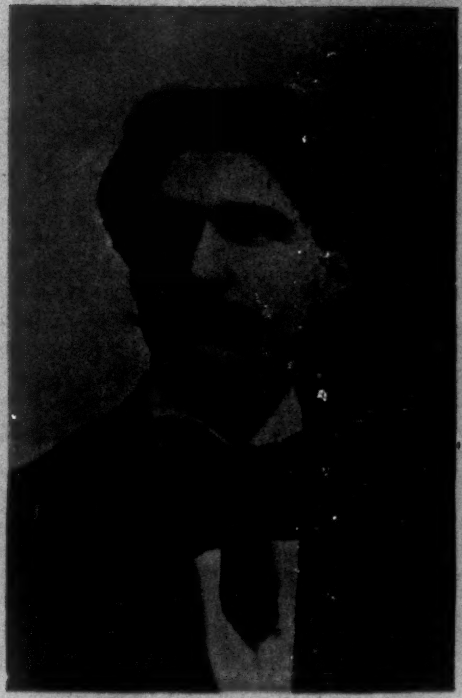
THE CAPTURE OF THE "DAUNTLESS" BY THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MARBLEHEAD" OFF COOKS INLET, COAST OF FLORIDA.

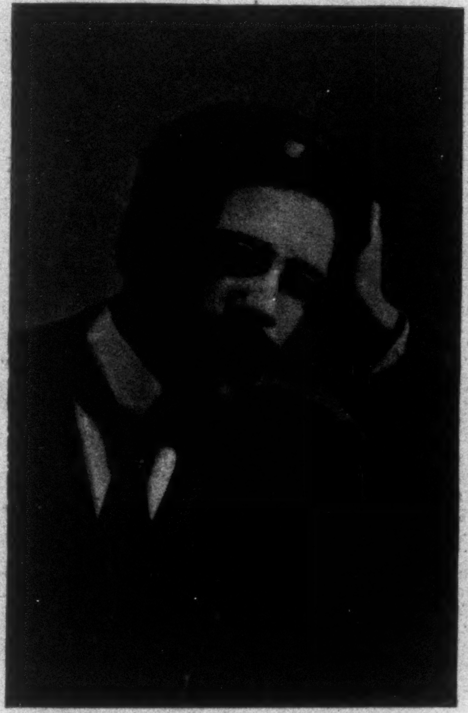
THE CRUISER "MONTGOMERY" AND THE GUNBOAT "ANNAPOLIS" PATROLLING CUBAN WATERS IN SEARCH OF THE FILIBUSTERING SCHOONER "SILVER HEELS."

THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE NEUTRALITY LAWS WITH SPAIN.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 1206.]

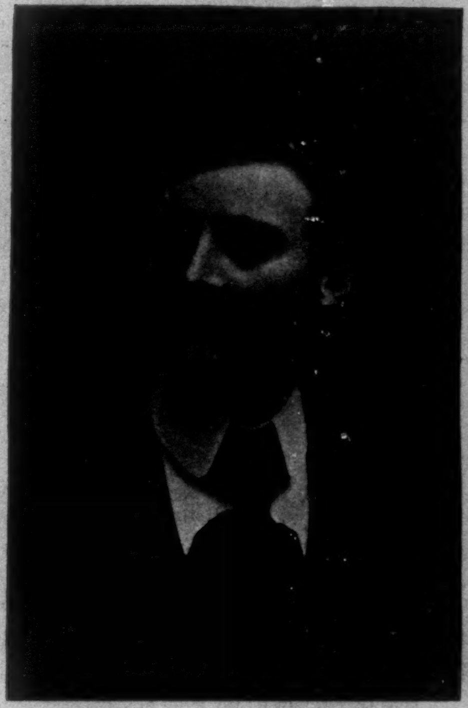

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.


JOSEF HOFMANN.

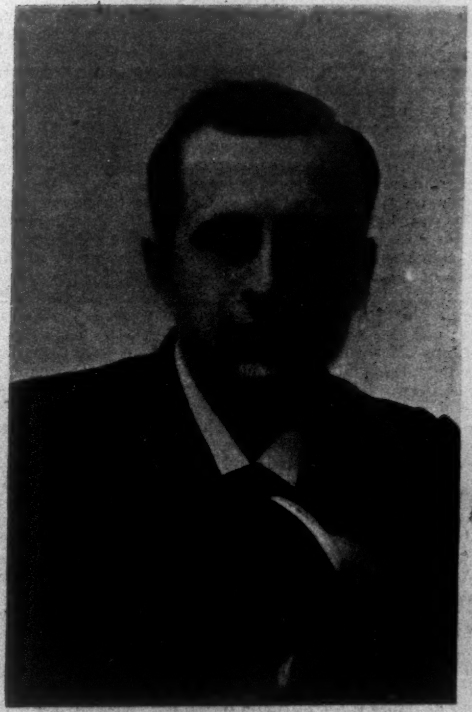

ALBERTO JOÑAS.


PAOLO GALLICO.

MADAME FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.


MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

EDWARD MACDOWELL.


ALEXANDRE SILOTI.

RAOUL PUGNO.

PROMINENT PIANISTS.—[SEE PAGE 1202.]

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

NICHOLAS found Mitsos and Yanni sitting on the wall of the camp near the Mainote quarters, lecturing a small audience on the use and value of fire-ships—for another attempt had been made on a vessel of the cruising Turkish squadron, with the result of first half-roasting its navigator and then completely drowning him—but the men, seeing an officer approach, got up and saluted.

Nicholas, still with a singing heart, told them to be seated, and lighting a pipe, drew in the smoke in long, contented breaths.

"This is the first tobacco I have enjoyed since we came here," he said, "for tobacco is tasted by the heart. Never again, lads, need you jump up when I come, for I am no longer an officer, but just a private like yourselves. Number 230, or thereabouts."

Mitsos stared aghast. "Uncle Nicholas, what do you mean?" he gasped, wrinkling his eyebrows. "Is this Germanos's doing?"

"Not so, little Mitsos, for neither Germanos nor another could do that, but only myself. I have resigned my place in the Senate, I have resigned my commission, and all that is left of me is plain Nicholas, but a man as happy as a king, instead of a bundle of malice and a bag of bad words which squirted out like new must. Eh, but I am happy, and it is God's own morning!" And he puffed out a great cloud of smoke, and laughed with a mouth full of laughter.

"But what has happened?" cried Mitsos, still feeling that the world was upside down.

"This has happened, little one," said Nicholas, "that a foul-tempered man has made up his mind to be foul-tempered no more; and as the thing was an impossibility when he had to sit cocked up on a chair opposite the proud primates, why, he has been sensible enough to refuse to sit there any longer. And as he was tired of tripping up on his fine tin sword, he has given it back to the fine tin Prince. And may that man never do anything which he regrets less. Hullo! here come my superior officers. There will be talking to do, but little of it will I lay tongue to." And he sprang up and saluted Petrobey.

Petrobey came up quickly, followed by two or three of the other officers, among whom was the Prince, smiling at Nicholas through his annoyance, as the man stood at attention, comely and erect.

"Drop that nonsense, dear cousin," he said, "and come to my tent for a talk. We have all come to fetch you."

Nicholas looked at him radiantly. "I have had a set of good minutes since I left you," he said. "Say your say, cousin, but little talking will I do."

The Prince came forward with a fine courteous air. "We have come," he said, "to beg you to reconsider this step. I fancy you will find no more insults awaiting you in the Senate."

"Your Highness," he said, "I can look back on my life and say I have done one wise thing in it, and that this morning. And if, as you say, there are no insults awaiting me in the Senate, that confirms my belief in its wisdom."

"But this is absurd, Nicholas," remonstrated Petrobey, "and all the primates, even Germanos himself, regret what you have done."

Nicholas laughed. "That is a sweet word to me," he said, "and you know it. But I am no child to be coaxed with sugar."

"But think of us; we want your help. You have more weight with the men than any of us."

"I shall not fail you," said Nicholas; "and if I do my duty in the ranks as well as I hope, I think I shall be more useful there than anywhere else."

"But your career, now on the point of being crowned!" said Petrobey, eagerly. "The Prince has promised—"

But Nicholas waved his hand impatiently. "I have just got rid of my career," he said, "and I feel like a horse when you take its burden off. Do not attempt to saddle me again. Ah, dear cousin," he went on suddenly, with affection and more gravity, "even you know me not at all if you speak like that. Believe me I care only for one thing in this world, and that is for what we have labored towards together so long. That cause I serve best here, and for these months I have been puffing myself up to think that angry words were of avail. But I will try them no longer; I am sick of anger, and my belly moves, whether I will or not, when I sit there and have to listen—you know to what. Leave me in peace. It is better so." He glanced across at Mitsos a moment, who was standing by. "I wish to speak to you alone, cousin," he said, "but that will wait. Meantime I thank you all for your friendliness to me, and I decline entirely to listen to you. The thing is finished."

Petrobey saw that for the present at least it was no manner of use trying to persuade him, and left him for a time; and Nicholas, remarking that it was time for rations, and that these officers were horribly unpunctual, took Mitsos by the arm and led him off to the canteen, telling him on the way what had happened.

Mitsos was furiously indignant with Germanos, and vowed that the camp should ring with the hissing of his name, but Nicholas stopped him.

"I neither forgive nor forget," he said; "but it is mere waste of time and temper to curse. The harm is done; leave the vermin alone. Oh, they have bitten me sorely; I don't deny that; but if we are going scavenging, as I pray God we are, let us begin in our own house. There is purging and washing to be done among the men, I fear, little Mitsos. And from this day, if there is any traffic or dishonorable barter among the corps of the clan, have me out and shoot me, for I make it my business that there shall be none. Now we'll come and get our rations. I ordered supplies of fresh beef for the men yesterday; that was a good act to finish up with; and see, already I reap the fruits of it!"

Nicholas remained perfectly firm, and Petrobey eventually desisted from his attempt to persuade him to take up his commission again, for he might as well have tried to lever the sun out of its orbit. But he still continued to ask Nicholas's advice about the affairs of the army, which the latter could not very well withhold. Among the men, and especially among the Mainotes, he underwent a sort of upside-down apotheosis. Germanos had made villanous accusations; here was a fine answer. As for that proud man himself, he found his position was no longer tenable. So far from being able to profit by Nicholas's action, he discovered, though too late, that he had overreached himself in making so preposterous a statement about his enemy, and the army buzzed away through his fine-woven web, leaving it dangling in the wind. He saw that his chance of power was over, and, accepting the inevitable, took his departure for Kalavryta, where he hoped his authority remained intact.

But alas for the triumphal reception by the united army! alas, too, for his chance of the patriarchate! His name, which he had prospectively throned in the hearts of myriads, was flotsam, and the tide of their righteous anger against him threw it up on the beach, tossed it to and fro once or twice, and then left it. His followers—the primates and bishops—less wise than he, still staid on, hoping against hope that the popular favor would set their way. But the evil he and his had done lived after them; nothing now could undo the distrust and suspicion they had caused, for their first malignant slander had found fulfilment, and the army distrusted its officers, while the officers were not certain of their men. Nicholas had cleared himself, leaping with a shout of triumph free from the web spun around him; others had not the manliness to do the same, to challenge the evidence, for they knew there was evidence.

Nicholas found opportunity to tell Petrobey about Mitsos's love-affairs; but a few days afterwards news came to the camp that a landing of the Turks from their western squadron was expected on the Gulf of Corinth, near Vostitza, and the Prince, with some acuteness, found in this sufficient reason to make his presence there desirable; and Petrobey, wishing to have a speedy and reliable messenger who could communicate with the camp in the event taking place, sent Mitsos off with him, and before the end of the third week in September the Prince took his departure in some haste, hoping to regain in fresh fields the loss of prestige he had suffered here and at Monemvasia. The news, if confirmed, was serious, for it meant that the Turkish squadron had evaded the Greek fleet and threatened the Morea from the north, while if once a landing was effected they would without doubt march straight to the relief of Tripoli, just when its need was sorest.

The Prince left the camp with much state and dignity, but with nothing else; and Mitsos, to whom he had given a place on his staff, as Aide-de-Camp Extraordinary to the Viceroy of Greece, with the rank of lieutenant in the Hellenic army, pranced gayly along on a fine-stepping horse, and for the first time fully sympathized with Nicholas's feelings at being in the rank of officer. They travelled by short marches—"like women," as Mitsos said, describing it afterwards; and one night the Aide-de-Camp Extraordinary, having occasion to bring a message to his master, woke him out of his sleep, and saw the Commander-in-Chief in a nightcap, which left a deep, bilious impression on his barbarian mind wholly out of proportion to the harmlessness of the discovery.

For a time, at least at Tripoli, there was no more intriguing between the besiegers and the besieged, for Petrobey redoubled his vigilance, and every night sent down a corps of trustworthy men to lie in wait round the town. Meantime he knew a strong band of cavalry were within, also a large auxiliary force of Albanian mercenaries, and in the citadel thirteen 6-pounder guns and seventeen 9-pounder, so that while there was a chance of capitulation, provided the rumor of the expected landing of troops on the Gulf of Corinth continued unconfirmed, he was unwilling to make an assault on the town. But it began to be known that the fall of Tripoli was inevitable, and from all over the country the peasants flocked together on the hills, waiting for the end and a share in the booty. It was in vain that Petrobey tried to drive them back. As soon as he had cleared one range of hills they swarmed up on another, springing, as it seemed, from the ground, as vultures grow in the air before a battle. Some came armed with guns, requesting to be enrolled in the various corps; others with sickles or reaping-hooks, or just with a knife or a stick. Every evening, on the hills round, shone out the fires of these unorganized rabbles, gathering thicker and thicker as the days went on.

Then, on the 25th, a refugee from the town was captured and brought to the camp, and being promised his life if he gave intelligence of what was going on inside, told them that famine had begun, that many of the horses of the cavalry corps had been killed for meat, and that unless help came the end was near. Once again Petrobey consulted Nicholas, who advised an assault at once; but the other argued that as long as no news came of the re-enforcements from the north the case of the town was hopeless, and as it was for the Greeks to demand terms, they might as well wait for a proposal to come. Nicholas disagreed: there had been treachery before in the camp; there might be treachery now. Let them, at any rate, minimize the disgrace to the nation.

Petrobey in part yielded, and consented to do as Nicholas advised if no proposals were made in three days. In the mean time, since there was no longer any fear from the cavalry, they would move down closer on to the plain, and directly below the walls. Then, if fire was opened on them from the citadel, they would storm it out of hand; but if not, and he had suspected for a long time that the guns were not all serviceable, they would wait for three days, unless Mitsos came back saying that re-enforcements were coming from the north.

The order to break up camp was received with shouts of acclamation, and all day long on the 25th the processions of mules passed up and down the steep narrow path from the plain like ants on a home-run. The Mainote corps were the first to move, and took up their places opposite the southern wall, and watched there under the sun for a couple of hours or more, throwing up some sort of earth embankment, while in the space behind, marked out for their lines, went up the rows of their barracks, pole by pole, and gradually roofed in with osier and oleander boughs. On the walls of the town lounged Turkish men, and now and then a woman passed, closely veiled, but casting curious glances at the advancing troops, not four hundred yards from the gate. The men worked like horses to get their entrenchments and defences up, and by the time each corps had done its work the huts behind were finished, and, streaming with perspiration, they were glad to throw themselves down in the shade. As there was no regular corps of sappers and engineers, each regiment had to do its intrenching and defence for itself, and they worked on late into the night before the transfer of the entire camp was effected. Meantime Petrobey had ordered the posts on the hills to the east to close in, and by noon on the 27th he saw his long dream realized, and on all sides of the town ran the Greek lines. Still, from inside the beleaguered place came no sign of resistance, attack, or capitulation; but towards sunset, just as he was going to consult Nicholas on the plan of attack next day, a white flag was hoisted on the tower above the south gate, and a few moments afterwards Mehemet Salik, attended by his staff, came out, and was met by Petrobey. Yanni, as aide-de-camp, was in attendance on his father, and he had the pleasure of meeting his old host again.

Mehemet followed Petrobey to his quarters, Yanni looking at him as a cat looks at a bird in act to spring. He was a short-legged stout man, appearing tall when he was sitting, but when he stood heavy and badly proportioned. He had grown a little thinner, or so thought Yanni, and the skin hung bagging below his eyes, though he was still hardly more than thirty. He looked Yanni over from head to foot without speaking, and then, shrugging his shoulders slightly, turned to Petrobey.

"I have been sent to ask the terms on which you will grant a capitulation," he said. "Please consider and name them."

"I will do so," replied Petrobey, "and let you have them by midnight."

Mehemet glanced at his watch. "Thank you. We shall expect them then."

He rose from his seat and again looked at Yanni, who was standing by the door. The two presented a very striking contrast—the one, pale, flabby, clay-colored, slow-moving; the other, though there were not ten years between them, fresh, brown, and alert. Mehemet continued looking at him for a moment below his drooping eyelids without speaking, and the drooping corners of his sensual mouth straightened themselves into a smile. He held out his hand to the boy.

"So we meet again, my guest," he said. "Your leave-taking was somewhat abrupt. Will you shake hands?"

Yanni bristled like a collie-dog, and looked sideways at him, without speaking, but keeping his hands stiff to his sides.

"You vanished unexpectedly. Just when I hoped to begin to know you better," continued Mehemet.

But Petrobey interfered sternly. "You are not here, sir, to confer insults," he said.

Mehemet turned round slowly towards him with a face like a sallow death.

"Surely my teeth are drawn as far as the boy is concerned," he said. "But let me know one thing," he continued, "for I have a heavy wager about it. Did you bribe the porter or did you get through the roof?"

"Through the roof," said Yanni, as stiff as a poker.

"I have lost. I said you bribed the porter. He shall come out of prison to-night. Good-evening, gentlemen."

Yanni turned to Petrobey with blazing eyes. "Cannot I kick him now?" he said.

"How can I give you permission?" said Petrobey.

Yanni looked at him a moment, and then his lips parted in a smile and he went out of the tent.

Mehemet was a few yards down the path going towards the gate of the camp, where his staff was waiting, and in three strides Yanni caught him up.

"Oh, man!" he said, and no more, but next moment his Excellency was lifted slightly forward from behind, and picked himself up with a lamentable cry. Yanni was by him with a brilliant smile on his face. "You insulted me under the flag of truce," he said, kindly, "and under the flag of truce I have answered you. There is quits."

And he turned and went back to his father.

Petrobey appeared to be absorbed in writing, and he did not look up, but handed Yanni a paper.

"Please go at once to the captains whose names I have written here," he said, "and tell them to come at once to consult about the terms of capitulation. I thought," he added, "that I heard a slight disturbance outside. Can you account for it?"

"It seemed to be the settlement of some private difference, sir," said Yanni. "It is all over."

"Is the difference settled?"

"There is a very sore man," said Yanni.

The conference between the captains lasted only a short time, and in a couple of hours the terms were sent to Tripoli. The Turks were to give up their arms, and were to be allowed, or rather compelled, to leave the Morea. They were further to pay an indemnity of forty thousand piastres, that being approximately the cost of the war, including the provisions and pay of all the men, from the time of its outbreak.

In less than an hour the answer came back. The demand was preposterous, for it was impossible to collect the money, but in return they made a counter-proposition. They would give up the whole of their property within the town, renounce all rights of land, retaining only enough money to enable them to reach some port on the Asia Minor coast, but demanding leave to retain their arms, in order to secure themselves from massacre on the way to Nauplia. They also insisted on occupying the pass over Mount Parthenius, between the Argive plain and Tripoli, until the women and children had been embarked in safety. This precaution, they added, was due to themselves, for they had no guarantee that without their arms the Greeks would not violate the terms of the capitulation,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"YANNI WAS BY HIM WITH A BRILLIANT SMILE ON HIS FACE."

as they had violated them at Navarin. The Greek chiefs refused to consider the proposal, for if the Turks distrusted them, they at least had no reason to trust the Turks, and if the regiments in the town occupied Parthenius, what was to hinder them from marching on to Nauplia, and remaining there? Nauplia still held communication with the sea, and they had not spent six months in reducing Tripoli, only at the end to let the besieged go out in peace to another and better-equipped fortress.

Once more affairs were at a deadlock, and at this point Petrobey made an inexcusable mistake. He ought without doubt to have stormed the place and have done with it; but when, in a moment of weakness, he put the proposal to the captains, the majority of them were for waiting. The reason was unhappily but too plain. They knew that famine prevailed in the town; they knew, too, that its capitulation was inevitable; but they saw for themselves a rich harvest gained in a few days by secretly supplying the besieged with provisions, and for the next week Germanos's bitter words were true. This was no siege of Tripoli; it was the market of Tripoli. On the 28th came another proposal from the town, this time not from the Turks, but from the Albanian mercenaries, who had formed the attack on the post at Valtetzi in May. They were fifteen hundred strong, and good soldiers, but as mercenaries they had no feelings of obligation or honor to their employers, and did not in the least desire a fierce engagement with the Greeks; and now that all idea of capitulation was over (for neither side would accept the ultimatum of the other), it was clearly to their advantage to get away, if they could, with their lives and their pay. The town would without doubt fall by storm, their employers would be massacred, and their best chance was to stand well with the besiegers. They therefore offered to retire to Albania, and never again to take up arms in the Turkish service, provided they might retire with their arms. The Greeks, on their side, had no quarrel with them, many were related to them by ties of friendship and blood, and they had no desire to gain a bloody and hard-won victory, if there was a chance of detaching the mainstay of their foes, and they agreed to their terms.

The weather was hot and stifling beyond description, and the Mainotes, who were on the south, felt all day the reflected glare and heat from the walls as from a furnace. In that week of waiting Petrobey lost all confidence of the clan, for they alone were blameless of this outrageous traffic that had sprung up again, and they were waiting while Petrobey let it go on. He had asked the advice of men who were without principle or honor, who were filling their pockets at the expense of the honor of others, and though he himself was without stain, yet his weakness at this point was criminal. It seemed that he refused to believe what the army knew, and persisted in judging the whole by the behavior of the clan themselves. Nicholas appealed to him in vain, but Petrobey always asked whether he had himself seen evidence of the scandal, and being in the Mainote corps he had not. In vain Nicholas pointed out that a week ago they knew that famine was preying on the besieged, yet a week had gone and the famine seemed to have made no impression. How was it possible that the town could hold out, unless it was being supplied? And how could a commander know what was going on among the hordes of peasants who flocked to the camp, now that the evil was so widespread and universal that a whole regiment perhaps profited by the traffic, and it was not possible to inform their captains, for the captains were the worst of all.

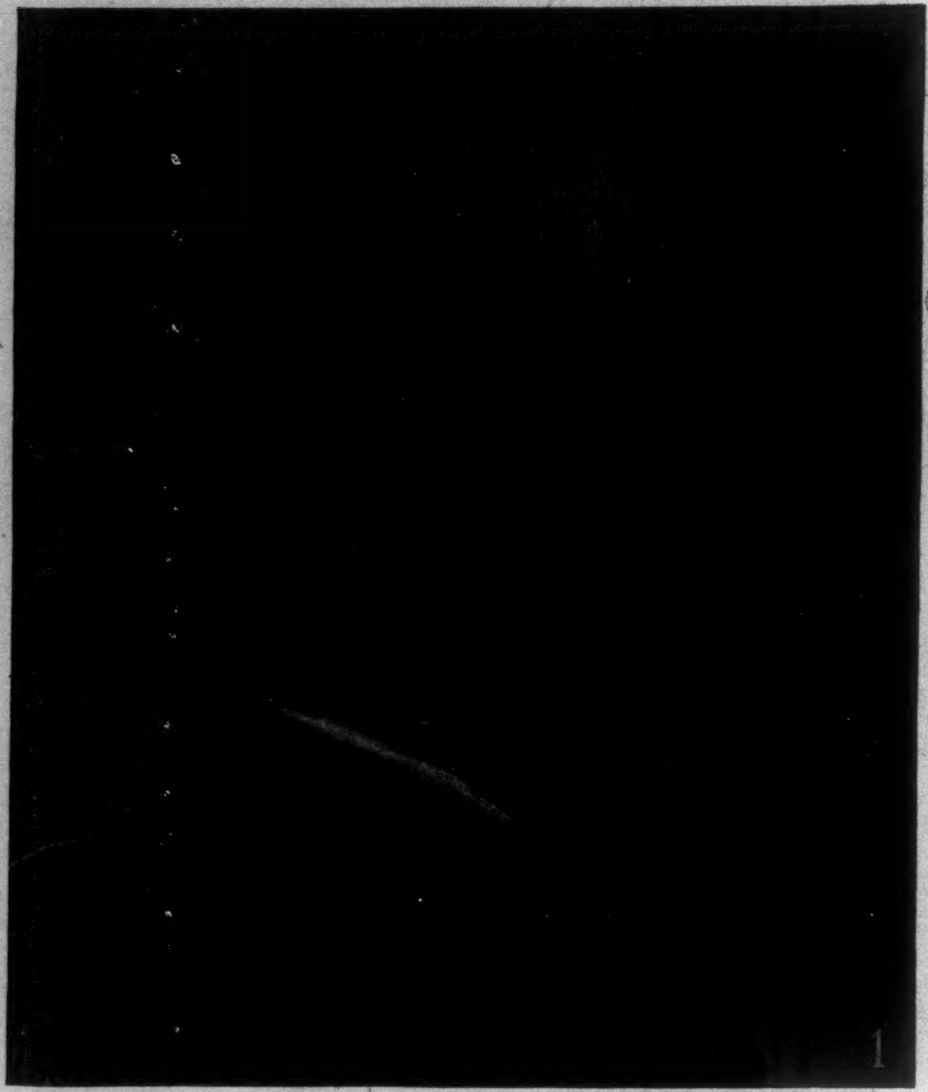
Meantime, inside, Suleima watched at her lattice window and looked for Mitsos. A week ago she had watched the men streaming down from Trikorpha to the plain, and had hardly been able to conceal her joy, while round her the other women wailed and lamented, saying that they would all fall into the hands of the barbarous folk. On the other side, away from the wall, the windows of the harem looked out on to a narrow top-heavy street, the eaves of the houses nearly meeting across it, and on the top again was a large flat roof, where they often went to sit in the evening, and chatted across the street to the women of the house opposite. By day a riband of scorching sunlight moved slowly from one side to the other, and often Suleima would sit at the window which overhung the footpath, watching and watching, but seeing, perhaps, hardly a couple of passengers in as many hours, for this was only a side street, where few came. By leaning out she could just catch a glimpse of a main thoroughfare which led into the square, but only Turks passed up and down. The other women looked at her with wonder and pity, thinking her hardly in her right mind to go smiling and happy at such a time, for close before her lay the trial and triumph of her sex, and the Greeks were at the door. But she went about with her day-dream and snatches of song, painting in her mind a hundred pictures as to how Mitsos would come. Should she see him stalking up the narrow street, then looking up and smiling at her, bringing her the news that the town had capitulated, and that he had come to claim her? There would be a step on the stair, and he would come in, bending to get through the door, and then, oh, the blessedness of talk and tears that would be hers! Or would there come a shout and the sound of fighting, riot, and confusion, and streaming up the street a struggling crowd? He would be there in the midst of it all, slashing and hewing his way to her. He would look up—that he would always do—and see her at the window, and then get to work again, dealing death to all within reach. Perhaps he would be hurt, not much hurt, but enough to make her lean over him with anxious face and nimble bandaging hands, and the joy of ministering to him leaping in her heart. It was towards this vision that she most inclined—to Mitsos fighting and splendid, and fresh from the dust and the struggle, coming to her, the lady and mistress of his arm, the lover to the loved. Or would he come by night silently beneath the stars, as he had come before, or with a whispered song which her heart had taught her ears to know, and take her away while the house slept, out of this horrible town, and to some place like in spirit to the lonely sea-scented beach near Nauplia into remoteness from all things else? In these half-formulated dreams there was never any hitch or disturbance; doors yielded, men slept, or men fell, and through all, like a ray of light, came Mitsos, unhindered, irresistible.

But after three or four days her mood changed, and from her eyes looked out the soul of some timid, frightened animal. Why did he not come, either by night, or in peace, or in the shout of war? What meant this sudden increase in their food, for now for more than a week they had lived but on sparing rations? Yet the fresh meat and new bread revolted her; she was hungry, yet she could not eat. The women were kind to her, and Zuleika used to make her soup, and force her with firm kindness to drink it; they were always plaguing her, so she thought, not to prowl about so much, to rest more and to eat more; and when she understood why, she obeyed them. For a few nights before she had slept but lightly, and her sleep was peopled with vivid things. Now she would be moving in a crowd of flying fiery globes—she one of them; now the dark was full of gray shapes that glided by her silently with a roar of the distant sea, but at the end they would disperse and leave her alone; and out of the darkness came Mitsos; and with that she would dream no more. Thus waking, and the hours of the day changed place with those of the night, it seemed that she moved in nightmare until she slept again.

But when she understood for what sake they pressed her to rest and eat, she quickly regained the serenity of her health, and during the last two days of waiting, though her fears and anxieties crouched in the shade, ready to spring on her again, they lay still, and the claws and teeth spared her.

But one morning, on the 3d of October, there was suddenly an outcry in the streets, and cries that the Greeks had come in; and Suleima went up to the house-top to see if she could find where they were entering, prepared to run out into the street to meet them, crying to them as her deliverers, as Mitsos had told her. In the brightness of that sudden hope that the end had come she felt no longer weary or ill, and she looked out over the town with expectant eyes. But by degrees the tumult died down again, and, bitterly disappointed, she crept back to the room of the harem where the women were sitting to ask what this meant. None knew, but in a little time they heard a renewed noise from the street, and running to look out, they saw a small body of Turkish soldiers advancing, and in the middle a very stout lady riding a horse. Behind her went two servants driving horses with big panniers slung on each side, and the stout lady talked in an animated manner to the soldiers, pointing now to one house and now to another. Then looking up at the window of Abdul Achmet's house, out of which Suleima was leaning, she shouted some shrill question in Turkish, which Suleima did not catch, and the procession turned up into the main street, seeming to halt opposite the door leading into the front court-yard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



FROM THE SIXTEENTH AUTUMN EXHIBITIO

1. Portrait of the Artist Claude Monet, by John S. Sargent, N. A. 2. "The Pig-Sty," by Will H. Drake. 3. "The Fog-Bell, Maine Coast," by George Wharton Edwa

The Country Parson. The Reeve. The Prioress. The Second Nun. The Monk. The Miller.

LEFT WALL.

TWO NOTABLE

THE FALL EXHIBITION OF TH

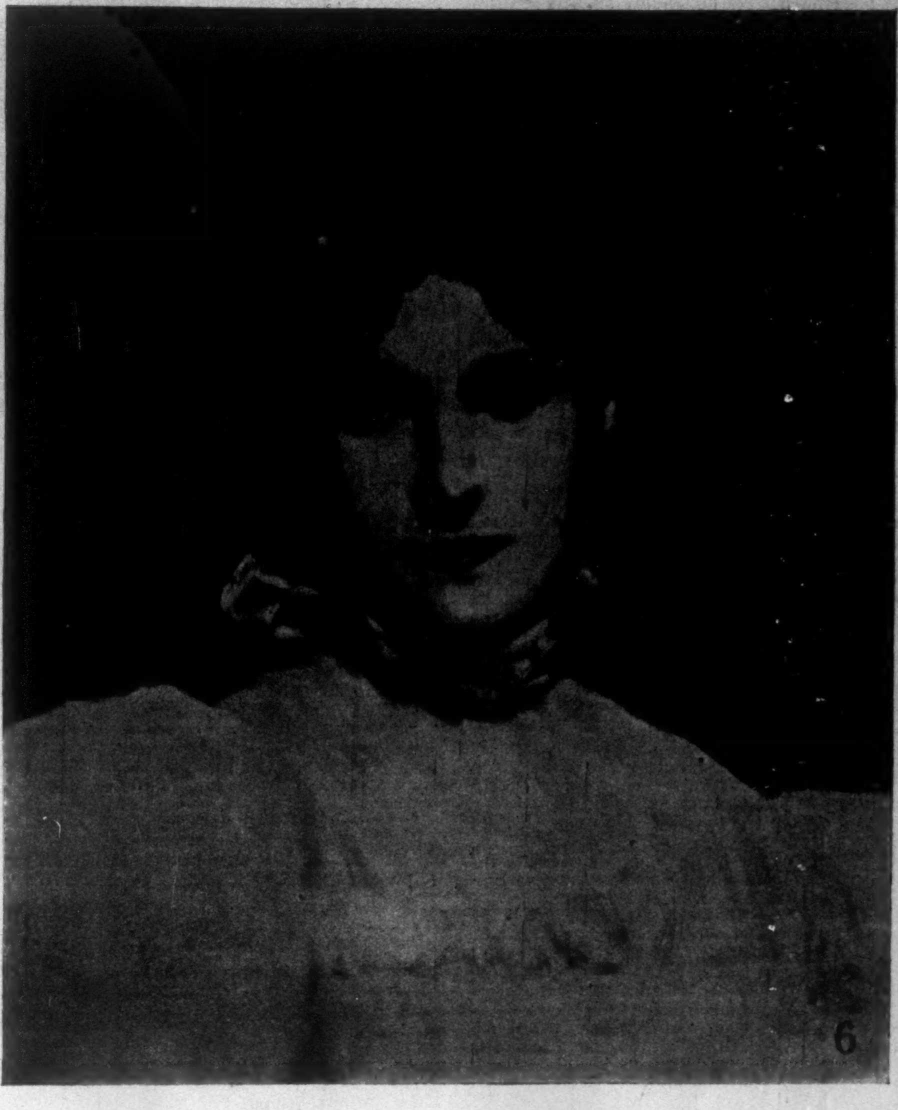
IT is a pity that artists do not send
tion of the fall, when the city is
pictures. It is because the seaso
during the spring that the exh
whereas spring is just the time in wh
migrate and its pocket-books are deple
not expecting to be deeply stirred by th
esting this year, with a certain air of
placeness and perfunctoriness for the
hearted, light-headed experimentalizing.
the older and younger men on the comm
gradually toning down the excrescence
and reacting upon each other to mutual
men to paint nature as they see it and a
ing to cut-and-dried formulæ of compos
the other hand, the younger men are pain
sively for themselves—trying, in fact, to
recording by a cryptographic process im
the world can read or not. In other wo
and of the mutual effects of one color
sake and more as a means of communic
which is the same as saying that "impre
which they are now employing for the p

Walter L. Palmer, for example, exhibi
stretch of upland with the sunlight bathin

The Pardoner. The Canon. The Friar. The Wife of Bath. The Squire. The Knight.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE—A DECORATIVE FRIEZE PAINTED BY ROBERT VAN VO

SEWELL DECORATION COPYRIGHTED AND P



ION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

dwards. 4. Bust of the late George Inness, by J. S. Hartley, N. A. 5. "Near Sheffield, Massachusetts," by H. Bolton Jones. 6. Portrait Study, by Carroll Beckwith.

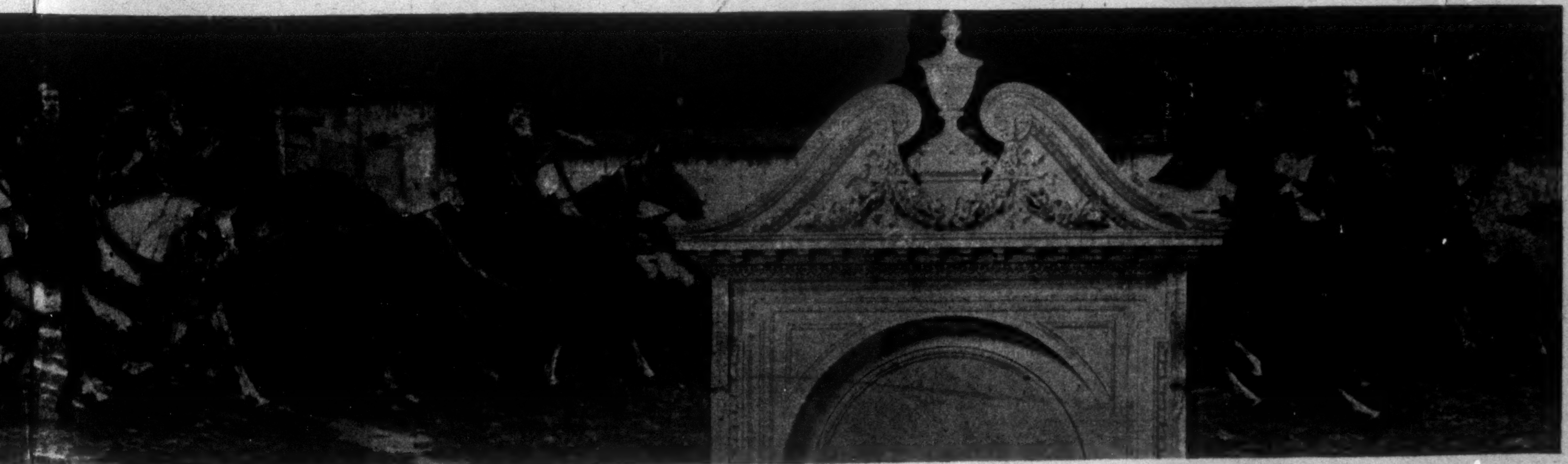
LE ART EVENTS.

OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

nd their best work to the Academy exhibi-
y is full of people who can afford to buy
eason is at its height in London and Paris
exhibitions are held in those cities then;
which New York society is planning to
pleted. So we have got into the habit of
y the fall exhibition. Still, it is very inter-
of sober earnestness, avoiding common-
e most part, and equally free from light-
ing. Unquestionably it is the mingling of
mmon plane of the Academy walls that is
nces in both directions. They are acting
ual advantage. The effort of the younger
d as it speaks to them, rather than accord-
nposition and treatment, is being felt. On
painting more for the public and less exclu-
t, to interpret nature, instead of selfishly
s impressions which they care not whether
r words, their knowledge of light and air,
lor upon another, is used less for its own
unicating to others the beauties of nature;
npressionism" has taught them a language
he purpose of conveying truths to others.
xhibits "The End of the Shower" (248), a
thing the distance and filtering through the

The Sergeant at Law. The Clerk of Oxenford. Harry Bailey the Host. Chaucer. The Manciple. The Cook.

RIGHT WALL.



Knight. The Yeoman. An Humble Wayfarer. The Doctor of Physic. The Shipman. The Haberdasher. The Merchant.

N VORST SEWELL FOR MR. GEORGE J. GOULD'S HOUSE AT LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

AND PUBLISHED BY CHARLES KLACKNER.

trees in the foreground. The impression it produces on the spectator is immediate and intelligible. He need not worry himself to find the exact point of floor from which it is to be seen, or the point of view, lost in technicalities, from which the artist may be supposed to have conceived it. The picture itself puts the artist and the visitor at once upon a footing of friendly understanding. On the other hand, Henry Mosler's "Under the Apple-Tree" (202) is the sort of impressionistic picture against which we simple folk who visit a gallery to be made happier by the sight of beauty have a right to rebel. We can all recall the beauty of an apple-tree, many of us the incident of a child reaching up to gather the fruit, but neither Mr. Mosler's apple-tree nor his child will help us to see fresh beauty, or half as much as we have already felt, in the familiar scene. Evidently his one idea was to get a certain effect of light, and the intrinsic beauty of the apple-tree and of the child has been neglected. What might have been a charmingly human picture, that would bring back to a busy man some of the pure fresh memories of early home life, is a dry scholastic gratification of the artist's own self.

That same word "human," I know, is very old-fashioned; the critic and the artist have written across the page of human interest the word "literary" and cancelled it. But it is so old-fashioned that its turn has come round again to be in fashion. There are signs of its reappearing, at which we laymen may rejoice. If "literary" means merely copying little ragged boys with all the dust on their feet, or arranging a scene with the prosaic literalness of a cheap photographic group, we certainly do not want it. But for such a picture as William Morgan's "Admiration" (339) we just as surely have a use. It represents a young peasant mother, with the light of girlhood not yet faded from her face; a baby curled in her arms, with a certain twist over of its downy head which reveals the loving accuracy of the painter, and an older child leaning on the half-door of the cottage, gazing up in pure admiration. "Mush!" exclaims the critic; then so much the worse, I feel, for human nature, which is what the picture undeniably embodies. Equally delightful in color, but full of rude strength and crisp character study, is the picture of two old sea-dogs "Consulting the Chart," by L. C. Earle (147).

Others which may be mentioned in this connection are Charles Schreyvogel's "A Close Call" (104), in which the mysterious haze of early morning on the prairies envelops a struggle for life and death between a scout and an Indian; or Gilbert Gaul's "Exchange of Prisoners" (162), a representation almost too matter of fact for pictorial purposes of a stern incident of border warfare; or Frank C. Jones's "The Secret" (254), slight in motive, but exquisitely refined in color and reminiscent of graceful home life. It is interesting to compare with this last Robert Blum's "June" (192)—a woman reclining against a background of white roses. The coloring is even more delicate than that of Mr. Jones's picture, but the drawing is stronger, and the type of woman, with her almost animal assertion, is in suggestive contrast to the dainty surroundings.

But it is not only in figure compositions that we can find a human interest. Man has relations with Nature other than that of the engineer, whose business it is to "conquer" her. She is all around us to share our joy or sorrow, and the true landscape painting is the one that helps us to know her. There are many such in the Academy, for example: Mrs. Whitman's "River in France" (91); "December near Montclair," by Charles Warren Eaton (71); Edward Gay's "El Dorado" (109); Charles E. Proctor's "Evening Star" (51); William A. Coffin's "Moonrise" (63); "Autumn Sunset," by George H. Smillie (277); and "Near Sheffield, Massachusetts" (268), by H. B. Jones.

How animals can be painted so as to bring them within this pale of human interest may be seen in "A Sheep-Stable" (305), by Carleton Wiggins, compared with which William H. Howe's satin-coated bull "Monarch of the Brandywine" (230) seems very prosaic.

Among the sculpture, which largely consists of portraiture, is an impressive bust of George Inness (426), by J. H. Hartley; two medallions by Charles Calverley, one of Charles L. Elliott (390), the other of "Little Ida" (394); and a striking statue, "Spirit of Research," by Firnando Miranda (406). Completely draped in a veil, which in part clings to the form and in part falls loose, she stands upon the ruins of past civilization, in her right hand holding a tablet and lamp, and with the other drawing the veil tight across her face to assist her vision. It instantaneously attracts but scarcely retains the interest. There is a certain affectation in the pose, an absence of calm strength, and hardly sufficient dignity in the face.

MR. SEWELL'S MURAL PAINTING.

THE mural painting recently executed by Mr. Robert Van Vorst Sewell for Mr. George J. Gould's house at Lakewood, New Jersey, of which Mr. Bruce Price is architect, attracts at once by its subject. It will run as a frieze, about fifteen feet from the floor, around three sides of the entrance-hall, covering a wall space of eighty feet by seven and a half. For such a scene, the rallying-point for the hospitality of a big house, it was a happy idea to select for subject that time-honored picnic party, the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. But we may hail the choice for broader reasons. With the exception of Mr. Abbey's frieze of the *Holy Grail*, in the Boston Public Library, this is the only instance of an American mural painter seeking his theme in secular English literature. And yet there is a wealth of subjects embedded there that would lend themselves to mural painting. There is nothing new in this, although, so far, our men have ignored it. Whence was the inspiration of the sculpture of the Parthenon derived, if not from literature? The artists of the Italian Renaissance drew their secular themes from the classical authors, which largely composed the literature of their day. Recently French artists have sought their motives in poetic legends, and that brilliant little school of mural painters in Edinburgh have painted on their walls the folk-lore of Scotland.

Just as every building cannot fail to represent something of the culture, or, it may be, want of culture, of its builders, so the decorations, as a part of it, should speak a personal word. If this is true of private houses, how much more of those public edifices of which the people are the builders! If our mural painters confine themselves to the rendering of Greek and Roman and Italian thoughts, however beautiful their work may be as decoration, they let slip a chance of making a valuable contribution to posterity by embodying on our walls the thoughts and motives of our times and people.

The perhaps insuperable problem of costume may prevent the representation of actual scenes from modern life, but by our literature we may bridge the gulf between classical and modern dress. Our English literature has so grown up with and into and out of our civilization that it contains, as much as history, the embodiment of what we are to-day. If Wagner could give flesh and blood and voice to modern thought through the medium of the old legends, why may not the mural painter do likewise with the aid of English literature?

The wainscot of the hall and the mouldings of the windows are of whitewood polished to an ivory tint. Mr. Sewell has repeated this color in the wall which he has made to run the full length of his frieze. This architectural feature affords a simple band of form and color, which binds together all the many-shaped, divers-hued figures, and lends a certain uniformity to the whole. The whitewood has enabled him to carry his colors to a very high key, and he has given further vivacity to the theme by introducing effects of brilliant sunshine. But with excellent judgment he has made use of low-toned colors also, descending even to black, so that his painting has substance as well as brilliance.

In the distribution of his figures he has been less successful. The lines, instead of flowing, have a tendency to jog up and down. One respects his evident desire to be natural. But art must have at least some conventionalities. If he were making horses and men he could be as natural as he pleased, but as he is making pictures, and particularly pictures for a wall space, he cannot ignore some degree of conventional arrangement without loss. But when we examine the individual characteristics of his figures, they are excellent, especially the Knight, the Wife of Bath, and the Cook. Taken as a whole, it is a big and noble effort, surprisingly successful for an artist's first attempt in this large field of mural painting, in which, so to speak, a man comes out into the open, and is seen as he is, for good or for bad, without the possibility of evasion. The fact that this important commission was given to Mr. Sewell on the strength of a sketch he showed at the last exhibition of the Architectural League should encourage artists throughout the country to use this method of reaching the public, not only by exhibiting sketches of what they have done, but of what they are prepared to do.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

MUSIC.

A SEASON that is known as a "concert winter" inevitably means a picked regiment of soloists. That outcome just as inevitably means nowadays pianists, and more pianists, and yet more pianists coming before the country's public between October and May. The public, under present conditions of concertizing, is indeed that of the land at large, not merely of New York. The West can now reasonably expect to hear pretty much everybody that the East acclaims—or rejects. The North and South are not less favored.

We do not have Mr. Paderewski this season; and, at last accounts, Mr. Rosenthal (announced in September) has been obliged to defer adding himself to the pianistic invasion. But we shall get along very well. Have we not Raoul Pugno, the French player, whose touch and technique are as sure and elegant as Mercutio's wit? Are we not to hear Alexandre Siloti, that exotic of the virtuoso school, one curiously a late-comer for American suffrages? Again comes Alberto Jonas, the Spaniard, as brilliant and as temperamental a player as heart can wish? Is there already not with us the fiery Gallico, who strikes sparks out of the key-board in a Liszt rhapsody? Among the magnets of pianism is that bundle of electricity Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, the Duse of the clavier, who has no rival among artists of her sex, unless one be assumed in Madame Carreño. The Dutch Sieveking is still a new man to many American concert-goers; and another player, whose residence in the West has made him of undeservedly rare appearance in this city, is the Russian Leopold Godowsky, a consummate technicist. Once more comes to us—it is said that he is the same, yet not the same—Josef Hofmann, no longer "little" Josef Hofmann, he who ten years ago was among the piano's knickerbockered wonder-children. To-day he is a youthful maestro of "some twenty years or more, we guess," and ranked abroad as making good all those promises of his boyish days—promises in which we were anxious yet afraid to believe. But these are not all of the battalion. Edward MacDowell, of our own race, in becoming Professor MacDowell, and though duly chaired in Columbia University, has not ceased to be able to maintain his rank as one of the most accomplished artists that New York has heard. Mr. Rafael Joseffy, among the very greatest of living players, of pianists living or dead of our time, seems quit for good and all of his desire to hide his light under a Tarrytown bushel. Franz Rummel, Constantin Sternborg, and those aristocratics of the piano-forte Adele Aus der Ohe and Antoinette Szumowska—Mr. Richard Hoffman, a perfect exponent of the technique of earlier and fine professionalism—these are not more than half of the list. The pianists are upon us, like the Huns and Vandals, to have things their own way.

The old riddle of which was first, the owl or the egg, the egg or the owl, has something like an echo when we ask from just what has crystallized certain obviously forced conditions of public piano-playing. Which came first in the process—the room as big as a city-block, the dismissal of all chamber-music surroundings, the reign of pianism of muscles and noise and the repertory thereto fitted, or the splendid but dangerous sonority of the modern instrument itself, or new convictions as to what music may express, or the great increase of a musical public? Which one or the other of these has most helped to make concert-pianism what we now find it, and expect it to be? Certainly pianism of the time is an art and an entertainment strikingly—yes, strikingly is just the word—unlike the playing of the day of Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Herz, and Thalberg. The sonatas of Mozart were not meant for it. Beethoven did not think of the area of a Metropolitan Opera-House in connection with his "Pastoral Sonata." Schubert would probably have had some curiosity to be present at a recital that included one of his Impromptus, given in a hall about as capacious as the Grand Central Depot.

The problem of the contemporary piano-forte concert is not one essentially of new piano-forte music written to suit enlarged conditions of public performance. For, after all, we are playing and hearing the same old works, concerti excepted, transferred from the small salons of the past, and commanded to suit halls as big as halls can be made. The fault—so far as it is fault—seems to lie with the piano-forte's own evolution. Its resonance, its richness, its brilliancy, all woo us, half convince us toward pianists of a style, toward pianism of a robustness that would not be possible, had the most hopelessly mechanical of all musical instruments not become the most potent and authoritative one, while keeping a more delicate quality in it than ever.

One is suspicious, however, that a reaction in favor of Titania has begun. It need not mean that we are to belittle the power, the true dignity of the piano-forte, to dwarf its grand resources in interpretation and in composition, to go back to the school of Herz and Thalberg as the only one; or to make pianism a business of tinkle and trilling. But it may deepen the conviction that, after all, refinement in pianism is not a neglectable quantity; and that between the insufferable rumpus and piano-wracking characteristic of a certain German "school" of pianism, and superficial style such as marks some French pianism, there is a middle ground. A fine kind of French art is helping on the conviction. Just as there has been a reaction from the bad voices and abominable methods of too large a proportion of the "heroic" German singers toward true bel canto, with the result of a dignified compromise, just so is pianism that is virile, impressive, yet elegant, making converts among new men in the profession. The exponents of bang and crash diminish. The cheerful pianistic day seems brightening, in which even Liszt shall not be interpreted as if his music described a railroad accident. A recent Italian caricature represents two auditors coming, sniffing, out of a piano-forte recital by a virtuoso. "Pooh! He is not a great pianist!" exclaimed one; "he did not perspire—and he broke nothing!"

Of the players named above, Mr. Pugno's star has shone lustrously since the second of the Seidl subscription concerts in the Astoria, when he played, especially, Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia. It was a magnificent effort—seemingly no effort. Mr. Pugno began life as a phenomenon, and now, after a wide European career, is not fifty years of age. Looking like a German professor of philosophy, he plays as only a perfectly accomplished, manly, and feeling French artist plays. He has tone without banging. His florid execution is crystal itself. He is a composer of distinction, and, by-the-bye, is an organist among the best. He has no mannerisms nor long hair, barring that Jovian beard. He is simplicity itself at his key-board. He is thoroughly a romantic pianist.

Mr. Paolo Gallico is a Lisztian, and as vivid and vigorous as befits that apostleship. He is not as finished a technician as he might be, and we suspect that he is not warm to the amiabilities of, for instance, Haydn. Not having heard how Bach fares with him, let us not prick him down as beneficent or malign to very formal music. But there can be no question of his bravura power, his superabundant temperament, the flame and flash that kindles the audience as the modern composer means it shall do, and his brilliant equipment in such details as octave-playing. It will be interesting to hear him in Rubinstein's pitiless tests of that business. Gallico is a North-Italian, born in 1868, and the Vienna Conservatory is his musical Alma Mater.

Alberto Jonas is of the same age as Gallico—born in Madrid in 1868, and was a child prodigy as a composer before the lad was twelve. He studied at Brussels and carried away honors; and after fairly starting on a piano-player's arduous career, interrupted it heroically to be a pupil of Rubinstein. There is something of the palm and the pine in an artistic nature so developed and enriched; and in Jonas to-day Southern warmth and Northern intellectuality are peculiarly matured. He is a player of the first rank, a serious and noble interpreter as a technicist, and Rubinstein prophesied wisely of a future now fast realizing. Spain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and England have thought excellent thoughts and written strong praises of this young Madrileño. He has been heard rarely in New York, but his mark here is made.

There is more to be said, much more, of the season's pianists in justice to our page of their counterfeit presentments. But it must wait on at least a dozen lines as to the concerts of the fortnight. Madame Dyna Beumer, a much-advertised Belgian soprano, has been heard at a smart concert in the Astoria. Madame Beumer defined herself as particularly accomplished in coloratura work. In Eckert's "Echo Song" she seems to confuse fine vocalism with fine ventriloquism. She has an uneven and occasionally hollow soprano voice, and hardly enough of emotionality to please. She sings well; but singing is more than the merest cunning of the larynx. The Philharmonics have opened with such audiences for crowding and enthusiasm as have not opened any Philharmonics till now. Their soloist was the violinist Ysaye, who played as superbly as he played ill—almost inexplicably ill—at the second Seidl Subscription Concert. The Boston Symphony Orchestra drew another enormous throng; and Mr. Paur, Mr. Joseffy, and the finest concert-band in existence were applauded to the uttermost. The Chickering Hall matinée, the Kneisel Quartet, the Symphony Society—all have had gracious beginnings. Perhaps the most popular and seductive artist of the hour is, however, Madame Sembrich, whose vogue is at highest water-mark, and whose consummate musical personality is the talk of even the most cultivated or most ignorant of connoisseurs.

That industrious music school of this city known—rather misleadingly—as the "National" Conservatory of Music, organized its many alumni the other day in an enthusiastic and interesting meeting. An excellent address was made by the Hon. John S. Wise, and a second gathering was fixed for next week. The president of the Conservatory—to whom it owes so much more than directorship—Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, was elected the head of the alumni association, and Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt-Smith was made vice-president.

E. I. STEVENSON.

THE GRAVE BY THE HAND-POST.

A Christmas Reminiscence.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

I NEVER pass through Chalk-Newton without turning to regard the neighboring upland, at a point where a lane crosses the lone straight road dividing this from the next parish; a sight which does not fail to recall the event that once happened there; and though it may seem superfluous, at this date, to disinter more memories of village history, the whispers of that spot may claim to be preserved.

It was on a dark, yet mild and exceptionally dry evening at Christmas-time (according to the testimony of William Dewy, of Mellstock, Michael Mail, and others) that the choir of Chalk-Newton—a large parish situate about half-way between the towns of Ivel and Casterbridge, and now a railway station—left their homes just before midnight to repeat their annual harmonies under the windows of the local population. The band of instrumentalists and singers was one of the largest in the county; and unlike the smaller and finer Mellstock string band, which eschewed all but the catgut, it included brass and reed performers at full Sunday services, and reached all across the west gallery.

On this night there were two or three violins, two 'cellos, a tenor viol, double-bass, hautboy, clarionets, serpent, and seven singers. It was, however, not the choir's labors, but what its members chanced to witness, that particularly marked the occasion.

They had pursued their rounds for many years without meeting with any incident of an unusual kind, but to-night, according to the assertions of several, there prevailed, to begin with, an exceptionally solemn and thoughtful mood among two or three of the oldest in the band, as if they were thinking they might be joined by the phantoms of dead friends who had been of their number in earlier years, and now were mute in the church-yard under flattening mounds—friends who had shown greater zest for melody in their time than was shown in this; or that some past voice of a semi-transparent figure might quaver from some bedroom window its acknowledgment of their nocturnal greeting, instead of a familiar living neighbor. Whether this were fact or fancy, the younger members of the choir met with their customary thoughtlessness and buoyancy. When they had gathered by the stone stump of the cross in the middle of the village, near the White Horse Inn, which they made their starting-point, some one observed that they were full early, that it was not yet twelve o'clock. The local waits of those days mostly refrained from sounding a note before Christmas morning had astronomically arrived, and not caring to return to their beer, they decided to begin with some outlying cottages in Sidlinch Lane, where the people had no clocks, and would not know whether it were night or morning. In that direction they accordingly went; and as they ascended to higher ground their attention was attracted by a light beyond the houses, quite at the top of the lane.

The road from Chalk-Newton to Broad Sidlinch is about two miles long, and in the middle of its course, where it passes over the ridge dividing the two villages, it crosses at right angles the lonely, monotonous old highway known as Long Ash Lane, which runs, straight as a surveyor's line, many miles north and south of this spot. Though now quite deserted and grass-grown, at the beginning of the century it was well kept and frequented by traffic. The glimmering light appeared to come from the precise point where the roads intersected.

"I think I know what that mid mean," one of the group remarked.

They stood a few moments, discussing the probability of the light having origin in an event of which rumors had reached them, and resolved to go up the hill.

Approaching the high land, their conjectures were strengthened. Long Ash Lane closed in to them, right and left; and they saw that at the junction of the four ways, under the hand-post, a grave was dug, into which, as the choir drew nigh, a corpse had just been thrown by the four Sidlinch men employed for the purpose. The cart and horse which had brought the body thither stood silently by.

The singers and musicians from Chalk-Newton halted, and looked on while the grave-diggers shovelled in and trod down the earth, till, the hole being filled, the latter threw their spades into the cart and prepared to take their departure.

"Who mid ye be a-burying there?" asked Lot Swanhills, in a raised voice. "Not the sergeant?"

The Sidlinch men had been so deeply engrossed in their task that they had not noticed the lanterns of the Chalk-Newton choir till now.

"What—be you the Newton carol-singers?" returned the representatives of Sidlinch.

"Ay, sure. Can it be that it is old Sergeant Holway you've a-buried there?"

"'Tis so. You've heard about it, then?"

The choir knew no particulars—only that he had shot himself in his apple-closet on the previous Sunday. "Nobody seem'th to know what 'a did it for, 'a b'lieve. Leastwise, we don't know at Chalk-Newton," continued Lot.

"Oh yes! It all came out at the inquest."

The singers drew close, and the Sidlinch men, pausing to rest after their labors, told the story. "It was all owing to that son of his, poor old man! It broke his heart."

"But the son is a soldier, surely; now wi' his regiment in the East Indies?"

"Ay. And it have been rough with the army over there lately. 'Twas a pity his father persuaded him to go. But Luke shouldn't have twyted the sergeant o't, since 'a did it for the best."

The circumstances, in brief, were these: The sergeant who had come to this lamentable end, father of the young soldier who had gone with his regiment to the East, had been singularly comfortable in his military experiences, these having ended long before the outbreak of the great war with France. On his discharge, after duly serving his time, he had returned to his native village, and married, and taken kindly to domestic life. But the war in which England next involved herself had cost him many frettings that age and infirmity prevented him from being ever again an active unit of the army. When his only son grew to young manhood, and the question arose of his going out in life, the lad expressed his wish to be a mechanic. But his father advised enthusiastically for the army.

"Trade is coming to nothing in these days," he said, "and if the war with the French lasts, as it will, trade will be still worse. The army, Luke—that's the thing for 'ee. 'Twas the making of me, and 'twill be the making of you. I hadn't half such a chance as you'll have in these splendid hotter times."

Luke demurred, for he was a home-keeping, peace-loving youth. But putting respectful trust in his father's judgment, he at length gave way, and enlisted in the ——d Foot. In the course of a few weeks he was sent out to India to his regiment, which had distinguished itself in the East under General Wellesley.

But Luke was unlucky. News came home indirectly that he lay sick out there; and then, on one recent day when his father was out walking, the old man had received tidings that a letter awaited him at Casterbridge. The sergeant sent a special messenger the whole nine miles, and the letter was paid for and brought home; but though, as he had guessed, it came from Luke, its contents were of an unexpected tenor.

The letter had been written during a time of deep depression. Luke said that his life was a burden and a slavery, and bitterly reproached his father for advising him to embark on a career for which he felt unsuited. He found himself suffering fatigues and illnesses without gaining glory, and engaged in a cause which he did not understand or appreciate. If it had not been for his father's bad advice, he, Luke, would now have been working comfortably at a trade in the village that he had never wished to leave.

After reading the letter the sergeant advanced a few steps till he was quite out of sight of everybody, and then sat down on the bank by the way-side.

When he arose, half an hour later, he looked withered and broken, and from that day his natural spirits left him. Wounded to the quick by his son's reproaches, he indulged in liquor more and more frequently. His wife had died some years before this date, and the sergeant lived alone in the house which had been hers. One morning in the December under notice the report of a gun had been heard on his premises, and on entering, the neighbors found him in a dying state. He had shot himself with an old firelock that he used for scaring birds; and from what he had said the day before, and the arrangements he had made for his decease, there was no doubt that his end had been deliberately planned, as a consequence of the despondency into which he had been thrown by his son's letter. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*.

"Here's his son's letter," said one of the Sidlinch men. "'Twas found in his father's pocket. You can see by the state o't how many times he read it over. Howsomever, the Lord's will be done, since it must, whether or no."

The grave was filled up and levelled, no mound being shaped over it. The Sidlinch men then bade the Chalk-Newton choir good-night, and departed with the cart in which they had brought the sergeant's body to the hill. When their tread had died away from the ear, and the wind swept over the isolated grave with its customary siffle of indifference, Lot Swanhills turned and spoke to old Richard Toller, the hautboy-player.

"'Tis hard upon a man, and he a wold sojer, to serve en so, Richard. Not that the sergeant was ever in a battle bigger than would go into a half-acre paddock, that's

"I AM NOT WORTHY TO BE CALLED THY SON."

true. Still, his soul ought to hae as good a chance as another man's, all the same, hey?"

Richard replied that he was quite of the same opinion. "What d'ye say to lifting up a carrel over his grave, as 'tis Christmas, and no hurry to begin down in parish, and 'twouldn't take up ten minutes, and not a soul up here to say us nay, or know anything about it?"

Lot nodded assent. "The man ought to hae his chances," he repeated.

"Ye mid as well spet upon 's grave, for all the good we shall do en by what we lift up, now he's got so far," said Notton, the clarionet man and professed sceptic of the choir. "But I'm agreed if the rest be."

They thereupon placed themselves in a semicircle by the newly stirred earth, and roused the dull air with the well-known Number Sixteen of their collection, which Lot gave out as being the one he thought best suited to the occasion and the mood:

"He comes' the pri'-soners to' re-lease',
In Sa'-tan's bon'-dage held'."

"Jown it—we've never played to a dead man afore," said Ezra Cattstock, when, having concluded the last verse, they stood reflecting for a breath or two. "But it do seem more merciful than to go away and leave en, as they t'other fellers have done."

"Now back along to Newton, and by the time we get overright the pa'son's 'twill be half after twelve," said the leader.

They had not, however, done more than gather up their instruments when the wind brought to their notice the noise of a vehicle rapidly driven up the same lane from Sidlinch which the grave-diggers had lately retraced. To avoid being run over when moving on, they waited till the benighted traveller, whoever he might be, should pass them where they stood in the wider area of the cross.

In half a minute the light of the lanterns fell upon a hired fly, drawn by a steaming and jaded horse. It reached the hand-post, when a voice from the inside cried, "Stop here!" The driver pulled rein. The carriage door was opened from within, and there leaped out a private soldier in the uniform of some line regiment. He looked around, and was apparently surprised to see the musicians standing there.

"Have you buried a man here?" he asked.

"No. We baint Sidlinch folk, thank God; we be Newton choir. Though a man is just buried here, that's true; and we've raised a carrel over the poor martel's 'natomy. What—do my eyes see afore me young Luke Holway, that went wi' his regiment to the East Indies, or do I see his spirit straight from the battle-field? Be you the son that wrote the letter—"

"Don't—don't ask me. The funeral is over, then?"

"There wer' no funeral, in a Christen manner of speaking. But 's buried, sure enough. You must have met the men going back in the empty cart."

"Like a dog in a ditch, and all through me!" He remained silent, looking at the grave, and they could not help pitying him. "My friends," he said, "I understand better now. You have, I suppose, in neighborly charity, sung peace to his soul? I thank you, from my heart, for your kind pity. Yes, I am Sergeant Holway's miserable son—I'm the son who has brought about his father's death, as truly as if I had done it with my own hand!"

"No, no. Don't ye take on so, young man. He'd been naturally low for a good while, off and on, so we hear."

"We were out in the East when I wrote to him. Everything had seemed to go wrong with me. Just after my letter had gone we were ordered home. That's how it is you see me here. As soon as we got into barracks at Casterbridge I heard o' this— Damn me, I'll dare to follow my father, and make away with myself too! It is the only thing left to do!"

"Don't ye be rash, Luke Holway, I say again; but try to make amends by your future life. And maybe your father will smile a smile down from heaven upon 'ee for 't."

He shook his head. "I don't know about that!" he answered, bitterly.

"Try and be worthy of your father at his best. 'Tis not too late."

"D'ye think not? I fancy it is! . . . . Well, I'll turn it over. Thank you for your good counsel. I'll live for one thing, at any rate. I'll move father's body to a decent Christian church-yard, if I do it with my own hands. I can't save his life, but I can give him an honorable grave. He sha'n't lie in this accursed place!"

"Ay, as our pa'son says, 'tis a barbarous custom they keep up at Sidlinch, and ought to be done away wi'. The man a' old soldier, too. You see, our pa'son is not like yours at Sidlinch."

"He says it is barbarous, does he? So it is!" cried the soldier. "Now hearken, my friends." Then he proceeded to inquire if they would increase his indebtedness to them by undertaking the removal, privately, of the body of the suicide to the church-yard, not of Sidlinch, a parish he now hated, but of Chalk-Newton. He would give them all he possessed to do it.

Lot then asked Ezra Cattstock and the others what they thought of it.

Cattstock, the 'cello-player, who was also the sexton, demurred, and advised the young soldier to sound the rector about it first. "Mid be he would object, and yet 'a midn't. The pa'son o' Sidlinch is a hard man, I own ye, and 'a' said if folk will kill theirselves in hot blood they must take the consequences. But ours don't think like that at all, and mid allow it."

"What's his name?"

"The honorable and reverent Mr. Stephen Oldham, brother to Lord Wessex. But you needn't be afeard o' en on that account. He'll talk to 'ee like a common man, if so be you hain't had enough drink to gie 'ee bad breath."

"Oh, the same as formerly. I'll ask him. Thank you. And that duty done—"

"What then?"

"There's war in Spain. I hear our next move is there. I'll try to show myself to be what my father wished me. I don't suppose I shall—but I'll try in my feeble way. That much I swear—here over his body. So help me God."

Luke smacked his palm against the white hand-post with such force that it shook. "Yes, there's war in Spain, and another chance for me."

So the matter ended that night. That the private acted in one thing as he had vowed to do soon became apparent, for during the Christmas week the rector came into the church-yard when Cattstock was there, and asked him to find a spot that would be suitable for the purpose of such an interment, adding that he had slightly known the late sergeant, and was not aware of any law which forbade him to assent to the removal, the letter of the rule having been observed. But as he did not wish to seem moved by opposition to his neighbor at Sidlinch, he had stipulated that the act of charity should be carried out at night, and as privately as possible, and that the grave should be in an obscure part of the enclosure. "You had better see the young man about it at once," added the rector.

But before Ezra had done anything Luke came down to his house. His furlough had been cut short, owing to new developments of the war in the Peninsula, and being obliged to go back to his regiment immediately, he was compelled to leave the exhumation and reinterment to his friends. Everything was paid for, and he implored them all to see it carried out forthwith.

With this the soldier left. The next day Ezra, on thinking the matter over, again went across to the rectory, struck with sudden misgiving. He had remembered that the sergeant had been buried without a coffin, and he was not sure that a stake had not been driven through him. The business would be more troublesome than they had at first supposed.

"Yes, indeed!" murmured the rector. "I am afraid it is not feasible, after all."

The next event was the arrival of a head-stone by carrier from the nearest town, to be left at Mr. Ezra Cattstock's, all paid. The sexton and the carrier deposited the stone in the former's out-house; and Ezra, left alone, put on his spectacles and read the brief and simple inscription:

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF SAMUEL HOLWAY, LATE SERGEANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S ——D REGIMENT OF FOOT, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DECEMBER 20TH, 180–. ERECTED BY L. H. "I AM NOT WORTHY TO BE CALLED THY SON."

Ezra again called at the river-side rectory. "The stone is come, sir. But I'm afeard we can't do it, nohow."

"I should like to oblige him," said the gentlemanly old incumbent. "And I would forego all fees willingly. Still, if you and the others don't think you can carry it out, I am in doubt what to say."

"Well, sir, I've made inquiration o' the Sidlinch men that buried en, and what I thought is true. They buried en wi' a new six-foot hurdle-saul drough 's body, from the sheep-pen up in North Ewelease. And the question is, is the moving worth while, considering the awkwardness?"

"Have you heard anything more of the young man?"

Ezra had only heard that he had embarked that week for Spain with the rest of the regiment. "And if he's as desperate as 'a seemed, we shall never see him here in England again."

"It is an awkward case," said the rector.

Ezra talked it over with the choir, one of whom suggested that the stone might be erected at the cross-roads. This was regarded as impracticable. Another said that it might be set up in the church-yard without removing the body, but this was seen to be dishonest. So nothing was done.

The head-stone remained in Ezra's out-house, till, growing tired of seeing it there, he put it away among the bushes at the bottom of his garden. The subject was sometimes revived among them, but it always ended with, "Considering how 'a was buried, we can hardly make a job o't."

There was always the consciousness that Luke would never come back, an impression strengthened by the disasters which were rumored to have befallen the army in Spain. This tended to make their inertness permanent. The head-stone grew green as it lay on its back under Ezra's bushes; then a tree by the river was blown down, and falling across the stone, cracked it in three pieces. Ultimately the pieces became buried in the leaves and mould.

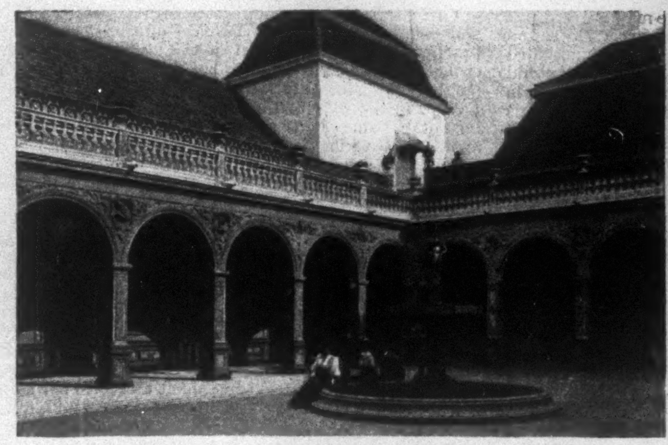
Luke had not been born a Chalk-Newton man, and he had no relations left in Sidlinch, so that no tidings of him reached either village throughout the war. But after Waterloo and the fall of Napoleon there arrived at Sidlinch, one day, an English sergeant-major covered with stripes, and, as it turned out, rich in glory. Foreign service had so totally changed Luke Holway that it was not until he told his name that

"WHERE HIS FATHER LAY BURIED."

JOAQUIN CRESPO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

General Ramon Guerra. Louis Crespo Torres (the President's brother).

PARLOR IN MIRAFLORES, THE HOME OF PRESIDENT CRESPO, AT CARÁCAS.



THE PATIO, OR INTERIOR COURT, OF MIRAFLORES.
Photograph by Louis Focht.

Miraflores.

VIEW OF MIRAFLORES AND A PORTION OF CARÁCAS FROM NORTHEASTERLY SIDE OF CALVARIO.
Photograph by Louis Focht.

PRESIDENT CRESPO'S MAUSOLEUM AT CARÁCAS.
Photograph by Louis Focht.

PRESIDENT CRESPO, TWO DAUGHTERS AND SON.

INTERIOR OF VAULT OF PRESIDENT CRESPO'S MAUSOLEUM, CARÁCAS.

PRESIDENT CRESPO'S TWO PALACES.—[SEE PAGE 1206.]

the inhabitants recognized him as the sergeant's only son. He had served with unswerving effectiveness through the Peninsular campaigns under Wellington; had fought at Busaco, Fuentes-de-Onóre, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, and had now returned to enjoy a more than earned pension and repose in his native district.

He hardly staid in Sidlinch longer than to take a meal on his arrival. The same evening he started on foot over the hill to Chalk-Newton, passing the hand-post, and saying, as he glanced at the spot, "Thank God, he's not there!" Nightfall was approaching when he reached the latter village, but he made straight for the church-yard. On his entering it, there remained light enough to discern the head-stones by, and these he narrowly scanned. But though he searched the front part by the road and the back part by the river, what he sought he could not find—the grave of Sergeant Holway, and a memorial bearing the inscription, "I am not worthy to be called thy son."

He left the church-yard and made inquiries. The honorable and reverend old rector was dead, and so were many of the choir; but by degrees the sergeant-major learnt that his father still lay at the cross-roads in Long Ash Lane.

Luke pursued his way moodily homewards, to do which, in the natural course, he would be compelled to repass the spot, there being no other road between the two villages. But he could not now go by that place, vociferous with reproaches in his father's tones; and he got over the hedge and wandered deviously through the ploughed fields to avoid the scene. Through many a fight and fatigue Luke had been sustained by the thought that he was restoring the family honor and making noble amends. Yet his father lay still in degradation. It was rather a sentiment than a fact that his father's body had been made to suffer for his own misdeeds; but to his supersensitiveness it seemed that his efforts to retrieve his character and to propitiate the shade of the insulted one had ended in failure.

He endeavored, however, to shake off his lethargy, and, not liking the associations of Sidlinch, hired a small cottage at Chalk-Newton which had long been empty. Here he lived alone, becoming quite a hermit, and allowing no woman to enter the house.

The Christmas after taking up his abode herein he was sitting in the chimney-corner by himself, when he heard faint notes in the distance, and soon a melody burst forth immediately outside his own window. It came from the carol-singers, as usual; and though many of the old hands, Ezra and Lot included, had gone to their rest, the same old carols were still played out of the same old books. There resounded through the sergeant-major's window-shutters the familiar lines that the deceased choir had rendered over his father's grave:

He comes' the pri'-soners to' re-lease',
In Sa'-tan's bon'-dage held'.

When they had finished they went on to another house, leaving him to silence and loneliness as before.

The candle wanted snuffing, but he did not snuff it, and he sat on till it had burnt down into the socket and made waves of shadow on the ceiling.

The Christmas cheerfulness of next morning was broken at breakfast-time by tragic intelligence which went down the village like wind. Sergeant-Major Holway had been found shot through the head by his own hand at the cross-roads in Long Ash Lane where his father lay buried.

On the table in the cottage he had left a piece of paper, on which he had written his wish that he might be buried at the cross beside his father. But the paper was accidentally swept to the floor, and overlooked till after his funeral, which took place in the ordinary way in the church-yard.

CRESPO'S TWO PALACES.

BY W. NEPHEW KING.

General Joaquin Crespo, the President of Venezuela, lies dangerously ill at Macuto, a little watering-place on the shores of the Caribbean. He has been forced to give up his official duties at Carácas, and it is feared that his turbulent life will soon be over.

This fact, combined with the recent death in Paris of his son Tito, whose body is now on its last journey to the Venezuelan capital, calls public attention to two unique structures associated with the name of Crespo—Miraflores, the $2,000,000 palace, and the $150,000 mausoleum in the Campo Santo (Holy Ground) at Carácas. Neither is yet complete, though an army of workmen have been busy on both for a long time. Many wiseacres have predicted that Crespo would occupy his mausoleum before he would Miraflores, and it looks as though this prophecy is about to be fulfilled.

Eleven years ago Joaquin Crespo, then, as now, President of Venezuela, despatched an envoy to Europe for the purpose of studying the mausoleums of the world, in order that he might suggest a design for one that would eclipse anything of its kind throughout the South American continent. More than a year did his representative examine the great burial-places of the European capitals, and consult eminent architects, sculptors, and decorators, until a design was finally evolved that equals, if it does not surpass, any monument ever built by a private individual. Many distinguished men, whose names will live after that of the Venezuelan President has been forgotten, have been employed in the construction of the great mausoleum now nearing completion near Carácas. It has already cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, and it is fair to presume that this amount will be increased before the work is finished.

As you enter the wide portals of the little cemetery, on the other side of the picturesque Guaire, a majestic structure, crowned with a bronze angel, dwarfs the other handsome monuments that dot this "silent city of the dead." On all sides the giant Andes almost shut out the soft and genial sunshine, and yet this burial edifice, for such it really is, towers into the blue sky above. A grove of royal palms not many hundred yards away, and the sparkling waters of a distant river, add enchantment to the picture, and render the spot an ideal one for the last sleep of a turbulent life, such as Crespo's.

The structure is about one hundred and fifty feet high, built in the form of a square, whose sides are twenty-five feet, the whole surmounted by a metal cone-shaped dome. The base is of granite, and the superstructure of imported bricks encased in cement. A little above the base, at each of the corners, is the bronze figure of a winged lion, designed by an Italian sculptor.

The vault is underground, and contains receptacles for eighteen caskets. These "bóvedas," as they are called in Spanish, are grouped around the three sides of the chamber, and above them is some neat scroll-work in black and gold. Each member of this remarkable family, whether living or dead, has his or her own "bóveda," with the name written above in letters of gold. In the centre, two sarcophaguses of plate-glass, resting upon white marble pedestals, await the caskets that will some day contain the remains of President Crespo and his wife.

Facing the entrance, on the opposite side of the vault, are marble busts of President and Mrs. Crespo, and between them a white cross entwined with immortelles. A number of vases filled with fresh Easter-lilies, whose perfume sweetens the dank atmosphere of death, complete the furnishings of this weird charnel-house. The only bodies interred there now are those of the President's mother, his wife's father, and two of their children.

Over the vault is a "capilla" (chapel), which is reached by a spiral stairway; and herein lie nine-tenths of the cost of structure. The interior of the arched dome was painted by a master-hand, and the walls are decorated similar to those of the great cathedrals of Europe. A Virgin and Child, surrounded by a number of religious figures in Carrara marble, are already there, and it is said to be the intention of President Crespo to erect monuments to each of his family. The floor is laid with mosaics imported from Italy, and an elaborately carved altar in white and gold makes this a veritable palace for the dead.

Few have ever looked upon the interior of the vault and chapel, and I recall most vividly my first and last visit. It was late in the afternoon, at the end of the rainy season, and the sun, except at brief intervals, had been obscured for many months. The chapel with its ghostly occupants was dark and cheerless. The majesty of death seemed to pervade every niche and corner. No sound save that of the workman's hammer outside, punctuated with choice Spanish oaths, broke a stillness that you could almost feel. Suddenly a flood of sunshine streamed in through the stained-glass windows and the song of birds floated on the balmy breeze.

At the gates of the cemetery, one mile away, a mellow-toned bell announced a new-comer in the dismal Campo Santo. Slowly the mourners followed over the damp ground, until he was laid in his "narrow cell." No scroll-work in black and gold, no crystal sarcophagus, no white statue to perpetuate his memory in the years to come. Still, his sleep will be as long, as peaceful, as unbroken, as that of his more fortunate neighbors in Crespo's gilded "Palace of Death."

MIRAFLORES.

As the train from La Guayra winds around the western spur of the Andes, above the red-tiled roofs of Carácas you may see Miraflores. And right well does it merit the title "vision of flowers," for, looking towards the little park on the hill of Calvário, a wilderness of roses and orchids greets the eyes. The name, it is said, was suggested by Miramar (vision of the sea), Maximilian's palace near Trieste. And not only has President Crespo chosen a name for his palace similar to that of a historic one, but all the furnishings and decorations in the homes of kings and emperors have been faithfully reproduced.

As you enter the massive iron doors, rusty with age while the interior is still uncompleted, personal vanity asserts itself on all sides. Everywhere you see busts of the President and his wife, and the initials J. C. over each door. The large paintings, many of them done by Arturo Michelena, represent the different battles in which the proud owner participated during the early revolutionary wars. His latest idea, it is rumored, suggested by the intervention of the United States in the Guayana question, is to erect an apotheosis of the Monroe doctrine, with heroic figures of Monroe, Cleveland, and, last but not least, Joaquin Crespo with sword unsheathed in the act of defying Great Britain. This unfortunate exhibition of vanity, combined with a vulgar display of wealth devoid of good taste, mars the costliest private home in South America, and one that might have been made the most beautiful.

It is difficult fully to understand what President Crespo really had in view when he conceived the idea of building Miraflores. It is both a palace and a fortress. Its position is a strategic one that commands the entire city, and the cellar contains accommodations for three hundred soldiers. There is also an earthquake-chamber, protected by many steel pillars and sheathed with iron, so that the whole structure might be toppled over without producing more than a slight vibration there. In the walls of the President's bedroom and library adjoining are built two vaults, large enough to contain all the money and jewelry in Venezuela.

The structure, though covering almost a half-acre of ground, is, like all others in the tropics, one story high, with a cellar below, and several observatories and balconies above. In the centre of the court-yard—or "patio," as it is called in South America—is an artistic fountain. To supply this with water a special tube has been laid to the main reservoir, and from it clear streams are always gushing, though there may be a drought in the city below.

On the southern side of the court, to the right of the entrance, is the "sala," or reception-room. The ceiling is lofty, and upon it are painted several of General Crespo's famous battles. One of these is said to have cost ten thousand dollars. The walls are panelled in hard native wood for a distance of five feet, the rest finished in white and gold. A small sitting-room adjoins the "sala," and from it a door leads to the bedroom of Mrs. Crespo. This is very elaborately decorated, and contains, among other wonders, a carved bed which is said to have cost several thousand dollars. Next come the sleeping apartments of the two daughters, and then several guest-chambers.

In the east wing is a bath-room finished in white marble, with a tub cut out of a solid block of the same material. The plumbing arrangements include many modern improvements, and you may journey from one end of Venezuela to the other without seeing their equal. The kitchen and earthquake-chamber occupy the northern side of the square, and the former has a range, made to order in Europe, that is large enough to cook for an entire army. General Crespo's room, opposite to his wife's and across the open court, is also a model of the decorator's art, and its bed is second in finish only to that of his wife. Between this and the earthquake-chamber are two rooms for the President's sons and a number for guests.

The grounds around Miraflores are spacious, and a European landscape artist has been at work upon them for years. The rarest plants and orchids have been transferred from the slopes of the Andes, and a grove of royal palms surrounds the picturesque garden. The building stands upon the highest ground in the city, and the steep sides of the hill are terraced and sodded with a peculiar grass that grows on the mountains near Carácas. A turnpike winds around the hill and ends at the entrance to the garden. Throughout the entire building one sees costly decorations, paintings of angels and wild animals, and statuary galore; but no one apartment is finished in any particular style. All of the palaces of modern and ancient times have evidently been studied, suggestions taken from each, and then thrown in indiscriminately.

Whatever may be the faults of architecture and the want of good taste displayed from an artistic stand-point, the view from the summit of Miraflores is one of the grandest in the world. To the north rises the Avila of the Andes, whose glittering peaks seem to pierce the blue sky above. To the south rise other and higher peaks, at whose feet the crystal waters of the Guaire shimmer, as they wind in and out of the green valley. To the east and west are also glimpses of the distant Andes, and the historic pass through which the pirate Drake once led a handful of men to sack the city in the time of the Spaniards. And of the flowers, whose sweet perfume fills the balmy air, what shall I say? This view and its fairylike setting make of Miraflores an earthly paradise, where one might eat the lotus, away from the noise and tumult of a busy world.

ENFORCING THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

The concessions announced as decided on by the Liberal cabinet of Spain in the case of the *Competitor* are practically an abandonment of the charge that the government of the United States has been lax in the enforcement of the neutrality laws against Cuban "filibusters." Except in the case of the *Competitor*, Spain can point to no notable success as a result of her own direct efforts against vessels in the pay of the Cubans. Nearly everything else she has done has been done through complaints made to our Department of State, and through the use of our navy in patrol and detective service.

By adopting this plan of campaign the Spanish authorities have been able to accomplish a great deal more than they could have hoped for by relying on their own badly handled cruisers. It would not be candid to say that there has been any real enthusiasm back of the official zeal with which the neutrality laws have been enforced in response to these numerous Spanish complaints, but nevertheless they have been enforced with the result of harassing the filibusters much more effectively by the use of our ships than Spain has been able to do with her own.

The work of carrying arms and conveying volunteers between our coast and Cuba has been done chiefly by the *Dauntless*, the *Three Friends*, the *Bermuda*, the *Laurada*, and lately by the *Silver Heels*. The reputation of the *Competitor* was made chiefly by her capture. Her work was taken up by the *Dauntless* and the *Three Friends*, which have been chased, overhauled, and libelled so often that the expense to the Treasury of the single item of paper for the complaints, indictments, bonds, and similar formidable proceedings will be no small matter when the total is footed up.

The *Silver Heels*, the latest addition to the filibuster fleet, is a Maine vessel of 128 tons net, which gained distinction in October by running away from a United States revenue-cutter, which chased her on complaint of the Spanish legation. When next heard from it was in a telegram saying she had escaped and transferred part of her load to the *Dauntless*, in spite of the diligent use of search-lights by our own cruisers and those of Spain.

The three most sensational incidents in the long story of Cuban naval operations are the capture of the *Competitor* by Spain, the use of a Hotchkiss gun by the *Three Friends* against a Spanish cruiser on the expedition of last December, and the chase of the *Dauntless* by the United States cruiser *Marblehead*. The activity of the Cubans has been incessant, however, and the history they have made in filibustering during the last two years abounds in incidents ranking in official importance with the overhauling of the Garcia expedition by the revenue-cutter *Hudson*, just after midnight, as it was getting away from New York on the *Bermuda*.

The cruisers *Marblehead*, *Montgomery*, and *Detroit* are sister ships, with much the same equipment and armament, but the *Marblehead* has made the most remarkable record in the work to which she has been assigned in co-operation with the *Montgomery*. According to contemporaneous accounts, her chase of the *Dauntless* is the most notable feature of her career since the trial trip, when for six miles of the course she made a speed reported at 21.66 knots. When first sighted off the coast of Florida the *Dauntless* was loading from another vessel. She promptly ran away when the *Marblehead* appeared, and was promptly chased, with such diligence that, it is said, four of the *Marblehead's* stokers fainted in the engine-room. Cuban sympathizers regarded this as unnecessary zeal, and were so vociferous over it that the officers of the *Marblehead* said no more than was necessary about the use of the forward six-pounder, so strikingly brought out in the Weekly's illustration. The six blank cartridges they fired might have had little effect in intimidating the *Dauntless*, however, if they had not been re-enforced by the cruiser's superior speed. When overhauled the *Dauntless* had got rid of her contraband goods, and was, as usual, an innocent victim of official zeal.

The position of the Supreme Court was declared by Chief-Justice Fuller in the case of the *Three Friends*. He held that, regardless of whether or not we have formally recognized the existence of war in Cuba, we must enforce the neutrality laws "as a mere matter of municipal administration." The present administration, at a recent cabinet meeting, has decided that this must be done in a way that will leave no ground for reasonable complaint. Hence vessels suspected of belonging to the filibustering fleet are not to have clearances until they have established their good intentions. No matter how often they are fired on, overhauled, and libelled, they show remarkable facility in establishing good intentions.

THE AUSTRIAN CRISIS.

The present political situation in Austria is the result, primarily, of the race rivalries of Germans, Slavs, and Magyars; secondarily of the ferment that inevitably attends progress among peoples unaccustomed to constitutional rule. Both are affected somewhat by the geographical relations of the races and the form of government.

Of the two divisions of the empire, Austria is the least homogeneous in its population and least compact in its geographical extent. Extending in an irregular semicircle around Hungary from Dalmatia to the Bukowina, it is divided into three principal divisions. First on the west comes Austria proper, including the Tirol, Upper and Lower Austria, and Styria; then comes Bohemia and Moravia; and on the east, the province of Galicia.

The population, about 23,500,000, includes 8,500,000 Germans, 10,000,000 Slavs, 3,700,000 Poles, and 1,000,000 Italians, Rumanians, etc. The Germans are compact in Austria proper, and form a considerable element in Bohemia, especially on the Bavarian and Saxon borders. The Slavs are divided. There are 5,500,000 in Bohemia and Moravia—Czechs and Slovaks, the former greatly in the majority; 1,200,000 Slovenes, chiefly in Styria; 670,000 Croatians and Servians on the borders of Croatia; and 3,000,000 Ruthenians in Galicia.

In Hungary the Magyars, 7,500,000, occupy the central part, surrounded by a fringe of 2,000,000 Germans on the west, 2,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks on the north, 2,500,000 Rumanians on the east, and 2,000,000 Croatians and Servians on the south. The entire population includes thus as its chief elements, approximately, 10,500,000 Germans, 14,800,000 Slavs, 7,500,000 Magyars, 3,000,000 Poles, and 3,000,000 Rumanians. The language division corresponds to the racial, except among the Slavs, the different branches having quite distinct dialects. In religion the Roman Catholic Church is predominant, embracing the greater part of the Germans, Czechs, Magyars, and the Poles. The Ruthenians belong to the Greek Catholic Church, and the Rumanians and Croatians to the Greek Orthodox Church, while there is in Hungary a considerable Lutheran element.

For the purpose of government there is a complete system of legislatures, each with its upper and lower house and ministry. The Austrian Reichsrath sits at Vienna, and the head of the ministry is Count Badeni. Hungary has its Reichstag at Buda-Pesth, with Count Banffy as Premier. There is also in each of the fourteen provinces of Austria a Landtag, and in Croatia a Provincial Diet.

Matters pertaining to the imperial interests, and concerning all sections alike, as foreign affairs, war, customs, finance, etc., are decided by a parliament called the Delegations, composed of members from the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments, sitting alternately at Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and acting through a ministry at the head of which is Count Goluchowski, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Imperial expenses are provided for by an arrangement called the Ausgleich, which runs for periods of ten years, and which requires the approval of both the Reichsrath at Vienna and the Reichstag at Buda-Pesth. The present Constitution went into force in 1867 on the formal union of the two states, and the first Ausgleich dates from December of that year, so that the third decade is just closing.

The mutual relations of these differing elements have been affected by two influences, one tending toward union, the other toward disintegration. The first is chiefly that of a common need attended by a common dread. Each one of these elements dreads absorption by the surrounding empires, and realizes that for its own individual development the present union is vitally essential.

German Austrians, considering themselves heirs of the old German Empire, look upon Prussia as a usurper. Czechs, Slovaks, and Ruthenians dread both Russia's pan-Slavism and the domination of the Orthodox Greek Church. The Poles feel themselves stronger under Francis Joseph than they could be under William II. or Nicholas II. The Magyars know very well that they could not stand alone the pressure of Russia and Germany. Croatians, Servians, and more lately Bosnians, have no wish to return under Turkish rule, and little desire to share in the chaotic condition of the Balkan provinces.

The Rumanians of Transylvania would probably find it less difficult to unite with their brethren across the border. Mention should also be made of the great personal influence of the Emperor, who is loved and revered by all of every race.

On the other hand, there is the development of national life in these various communities, inevitably attendant on education and general prosperity, and arousing jealousies more or less virulent, according to circumstances. The Czechs feel that the kingdom of Bohemia is as worthy of recognition as the kingdom of Hungary, and if the Magyars can demand the use of their language in the government and the courts, they ought not to be denied the same privilege. As far back as 1848 they demanded this recognition, and by persistent agitation secured, not long since, a decree from the ministry for the equal use of Czech and German by officials and in the courts. Encouraged by their success, the other Slavic communities are looking for the same recognition, and Transylvania is raising its protest against the domination of the Magyar. All this has stirred the jealousy of the Germans, who claim that the language decree is contrary to the original Constitution of the German-Austrian Empire, and there are some hot-heads who declare that union with Germany is preferable to sharing political predominance with Slav barbarians, while the Magyars look on, determined not to let power slip from their own hands.

Another disturbing element has been the extension of the franchise by which the old aristocratic power is being replaced by a number of parties. For some time the Roman Catholic Church has been realizing that it was losing hold on the people, and, resolving on a course somewhat similar to that pursued in France, has, under the title of Christian socialism, appeared as the champion of the lower classes. Socialism proper, too, has lifted its head, and the result is a parliamentary situation in which no one influence is predominant, and very nearly everybody is, to some extent, "in opposition." The anti-Semitism which has been so prominent a feature in Vienna municipal elections is not as important a national factor, although it adds a disturbing element.

The present situation is the immediate result of the effort of the Germans to impeach Count Badeni and his ministry for the Czech language decree. Failing to secure a majority in favor of this, the leaders took advantage of the termination of the Ausgleich to refuse support to the government, and by obstructive tactics compel it to yield to them.

The efforts to secure a compromise were not successful. Austria wanted her share decreased. Hungary would not consent. At last the government succeeded in passing at Buda-Pesth a provisional arrangement for one year, but failed at Vienna. The Germans redoubled their efforts. They received encouragement from Bavaria against the Czech claims, and the sittings of the Reichsrath were constant riots. Almost in despair, there came a veiled threat of a suspension of the Constitution. This aroused Magyar opposition, led by Francis Kossuth, who claimed that that would threaten the Hungarian Constitution. The first apparent result was the worst outbreak of all, culminating in a furious attack by the Germans on Premier Badeni and the presiding officer of the Lower House, who fled in terror of their lives. This, however, has served to weld together still more firmly the anti-German elements, especially the Czechs and Poles, and as they are numerically the strongest, it seems probable that some arrangement will be reached. The unifying influences are stronger, on the whole, than those tending toward disintegration. The trend toward local freedom of development is, however, more marked than ever, and the future is by no means without serious danger.

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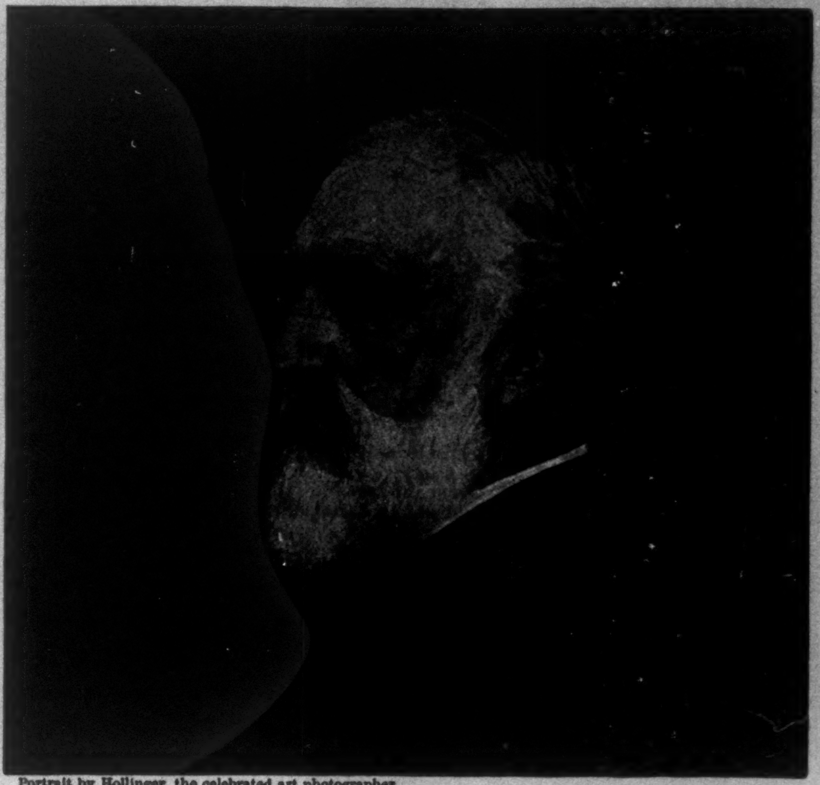

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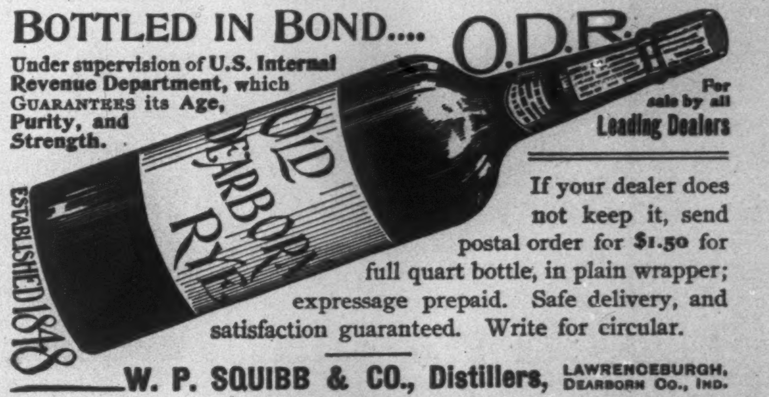

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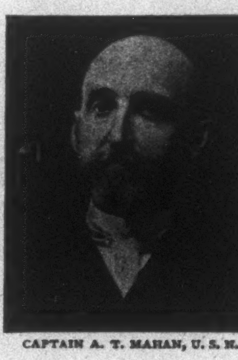
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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

MYOPIA CLUB—BACKWARDS FROM SEVENTH TEEING-GROUND.—Photographed by Stebbins.

GOLF IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The golfing interests of Massachusetts are centred, of course, at the Hub, and the Boston group of clubs, comprising the Country Club of Brookline, the Myopia Hunt, and the Essex County, rank with the best in the country. The golfers of the Brookline club were the first in the field, but the seed, once planted, was soon to increase a hundred-fold. The Myopia Hunt Club has long been one of Boston's social institutions, situated as it is in a charming residential section, and within easy reach of the city. Together with many another country club, the Myopia took on golf merely as an experiment, and as a side issue to more important things. History is only too eager to repeat itself whenever the chance is offered, and to-day the red coats of the golfers may claim at least numerical superiority over the "pinks" of the huntsmen.

The first course was one of nine holes, and indeed it is only this autumn that the final arrangements are being made to extend it to the regulation eighteen. The old course used to be described as sporty, and so indeed it was—rather more of sport than of golf. The mid-green was decidedly rough, the putting-greens were decidedly small, and hazards were much more plentiful than good lies. But the Myopia country is naturally well fitted for the making of good golf, and the one distinguishing feature of the old course was the excellent judgment displayed in the length of the holes.

The club has now acquired about one hundred acres of

NEWTON CENTRE GOLF CLUB—STONE WALL HAZARD, APPROACHING HOME.—Photographed by Stebbins.

ground for the purposes of the game, and work on the new course is being rapidly pushed so as to bring it into playing condition by next spring. Nearly all the hazards are natural, including a famous pond whose bottom is popularly supposed to be paved with golf-balls, and the ever-recurring stone walls are rendered playable by being banked over with earth. The soil on the fair green is rather inclined to be gravelly, and the turf is much lighter than that of the ordinary inland links. The grass, indeed, is not unlike that of Shinnecock—rough and thin—but cultivation and the humanizing pressure of the golfer's foot will in time work wonders upon even the most unpromising of raw material.

The Myopia counts upon its list of playing members some of the best known of the Eastern golfers—Q. A. Shaw, Jr., R. Appleton, H. C. Leeds, Nicholas Longworth, and Morton J. Henry. Mr. Leeds has always been active in the golfing affairs of the club, and he has especially interested himself in the planning and rearrangement of the course.

Outside of the Boston circle there are golf-courses in almost every town, and the one at Newton Centre, situated upon the broad slope of Institution Hill, is distinguished for both the beauty of its surroundings and the fine quality of its golf. The club was organized two years ago, but its original course of nine holes has since been entirely rearranged, so as to eliminate dangerous crossings, and for the better placing of the putting-greens. The ground is inclined to be stony, and tons of "break-clubs" had to be removed to make it playable. Stone walls, ditches, swamp lands, wire fencing, and dirt bunkers figure among the hazards, and Mr. A. H. Findlay's record of 88 for the double round stands for very good golf indeed. The membership of the club includes both men and women, and the limit is fixed at 150, with a small junior list. Both initiation fees and annual dues are on a modest scale—the men paying ten dollars as entrance money, and the same amount yearly. Women and junior members pay five dollars initiation and five dollars as the yearly subscription. The playing-distance of the course is as follows: 1 (the Silo), 293; 2 (the Corner), 169; 3 (the Hollow), 286; 4 (the Tombs), 276; 5 (the Mound), 245; 6 (the Orchard), 267; 7 (the Midget), 134; 8 (Jumbo), 400; 9 (Home), 239. Total, 2309 yards.

The nine-hole course of the Lenox Golf Club is well known to our metropolitan golfers, and its annual open tournament is perhaps the most popular of the "down East" fixtures. Beautiful Stockbridge has an excellent course, and the one at Williamstown possesses at least one hole, the Alps, that is calculated to try a golfer's soul to the uttermost. It is only a cleek-shot, but the hill that faces the tee presents a countenance so forbidding that it is dollars to doughnuts on the hazard against anything but the stoutest of hearts and the truest of swings. Historic Lexington has a nine-hole course that gives good golf, the playing-distances of the separate holes being carefully laid out with a view to the elimination of the "leveller." The Lexington golfers go in largely for inter-club team matches, and a list of the playing members would include the names of W. M. Tyler, H. C. Perkins, W. E. Page, E. C. Stowell, W. N. Lockwood, and Percy Chase.

GOLF NOTES.

Fickle Fortune is in great danger of losing her title to fame. As a synonym for uncertainty, she cannot hold a candle to that lady of changeable mind, the Goddess of Golf. The favor of our "Lady of the Links" is at all times an insecure possession, but now and again she fairly outdoes herself in the direction of what seems to be pure caprice. When A. H. Fenn won the gold medal for the best score in the preliminary round of the Country Club of Westchester tournament, he was rated as an almost certain winner of the cup. If figures at golf mean anything at all, he certainly had everything his own way. He made the first three rounds in 39 each, and his total for thirty-six holes was 161, eleven strokes better than that of Wright, the second man, and sixteen better than the total of Gillespie, Canadian amateur champion for 1896. And yet Gillespie put him out in the first match round, a victim of over-confidence perhaps, but none the less squarely beaten. Fenn was three up at the turn, but on the home-stretch he had to play against the remarkable score of 38, and his temporary advantage was quickly wiped out. There is on record the history of a Scottish match in which one of the contestants lost the first nine holes and yet managed to halve the game. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the moral.

Gillespie seems to have shot his bolt in making that brilliant morning round, for M. R. Wright had no difficulty in winning out in the afternoon match. The latter, by-the-way, used to play a very pretty game of tennis, and his golfing style is equally pleasing to watch. He has been coming on fast of late, and ranks with Betts, Reid, Robbins, and Travis as the best of this season's development. W. H. Sands again upheld the honor of the veterans by taking the finals over Wright, though by a small margin. Sands has been playing the game of his life this fall, and that, too, after some rather indifferent performances at Cannes and elsewhere abroad during the early summer.

With the Westchester tournament, the season of 1897 practically closes, and with the Lakewood meeting last week, that of 1898 begins. The Baltusrol club has made active preparations for winter golf, and may hold a tournament later on, but Baltusrol is peculiarly favored in the way of climate and location. The Morris County club closed its course immediately after Thanksgiving, and at most of the other metropolitan clubs there will be little or nothing doing for the next five months. Throughout the West and Southwest the outlook is most encouraging. Charleston is to have a club at Summersville, South Carolina, the course at Kansas City is at its best during the winter months, and the established clubs at Aiken, Thomasville, and St. Augustine will soon be in full swing. Golf has indeed conquered America, and the London *Golf* mournfully notes that we shall soon be independent of the old country in the manufacture of balls, clubs, and other paraphernalia of the game. Of the sixteen players who qualified at Chicago, eight used American-made clubs. Even that latest freak of club construction, the "cross-head," has been patented in this country as an original American idea, and will shortly be put upon the market. The "crosshead" type is likely to prove a bone of contention when it does appear, and its very shape is an open insult to the fine old crusted golfer and his dearly cherished traditions. It only remains to be seen whether or not it can drive a ball. In the mean time, our transatlantic friends are rejoicing over the discovery of a wonderful new wood for driving-shafts. It is called "texa," but no one seems to know where it comes from or what sort of wood it really is. But they do say that it will lengthen the carry of an ordinary drive by ten to twenty yards, and is particularly effective in playing through the fair green.

The American temperament still finds difficulty in accustoming itself to the idea that the love of sport may survive the green and salad days of youth, and that with entire propriety. Englishmen can play cricket gracefully with their grandsons, but Bradstreet would look with suspicion upon a banker short stop, unless the exhibition had been specially arranged for some respectable charity. Golf is changing all that, and yet the other day one of the contestants in a metropolitan tournament, a well-known and popular physician, entered under an assumed name, evidently considering that his patients might otherwise resent his heartless neglect of their interests. In reality he was only fitting himself to give them better service, but they might not have understood. After a while we shall not see anything incongruous in the wise man at play; we shall be only too thankful that he finds the opportunity in golf for the needful recreation of nerves and brain.

It is rather surprising, however, to note how few clergymen there are among the "regulars" of the club entry lists. In England the "cloth" is always well represented in the competitions, and the golfing curate of to-day is even more in evidence than the hunting parson of sixty years ago. Perhaps there is a little too much clerical sportsmanship among our British cousins, and after reading a series of golf reports one is inclined to wonder how the reverend amateurs have any time left for their cure of souls. By all means let the clergyman be a golfer; it will make him the better man, and the better parson, too. But he ought not to be on the scratch lists for precisely the same reason that a gentleman should not be invincible at the billiard table.

W. G. van T. Sutphen.

LEXINGTON GOLF CLUB—NO. 7, "THE HILL."—Photographed by Stebbins.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

In Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving day, it was expected that the University of Pennsylvania would treat her friends to a Roman holiday, with Cornell as her victims. But instead the audience had a most thrilling surprise, the Quakers winning by the barest possible margin. How much the crowd needed that touch-down could hardly be estimated until it was made, when the entire stand rose in one vast body and told every one how great the strain of those fifty-six minutes of play had been.

The guards-back system shut up like a telescope when Cornell jumped into it, and try as they would, the Pennsylvania team could not force the play. The superiority of Minds's punting alone kept Cornell out of their goal during the first half, though twice it was in imminent danger. Cornell ran around their ends with comparative ease, and, in defence, was, throughout the half, and, with the exception of a short ten minutes, throughout the game, much more reliable. Such gains as Pennsylvania made were short ones, and by main strength, especially the main strength of Hare, McCracken, and Minds. Their outside plays and tricks were marks for Cornell, who brought down the runner, with loss in many instances.

Both teams showed symptoms of fatigue, and at times reminded one of two boxers who had fought to a standstill. The play of Hare was marvellous, and worth many, many yards to the red and blue. Single Cornell men were useless when opposed to him, and it took usually the united efforts of some three or four before the big guard was brought to earth. His assistance to his comrades and his tackling were equally effective. Pennsylvania's quarter-back kicks, in which province she has easily been head and shoulders above her adversaries, went wrong so badly as to be positively disheartening, and added to Cornell's confidence and gain.

If any football enthusiast wishes to be sure of seeing a real contest and no walk-over, it is only necessary for him to find out where Elizabeth and Orange are to meet, and "be on that spot and wait!" After four consecutive games between these teams the entire margin is the conversion of a single touch-down into a goal, or just two points. The play at the Oval on Thanksgiving day was fast and furious, and only such officials as Dr. Hartwell and Mr. Morse could have held the teams in check. As it was, the umpire inflicted the penalty of disqualification several times. It is too bad that a contest of so much real interest should be marred by the resurrection of the objectionable features that have been, in the case of the college matches, so completely buried.

It is the utter disregard of the interests of the sport itself exhibited by athletic-club teams and some of the more remote college teams that keeps up the agitation against football, and furnishes ammunition for those who enjoy a shot at anything prominent in the public eye. The sport is in the hands of the players themselves, and for the most part they seem inclined to take good care of it. The chief point, and one that can be provided for well in advance, is the selection of able and conscientious officials. Such selection cannot be made too early. It should be made practically before the playing season begins. It is then that the teams are most likely to secure the best men. A suggestion from the University Athletic Club to the Rules Committee that they name a list of competent officials throughout the country might aid materially, or the nomination of a certain number of men by the University Athletic Club's own committee would be met with gratitude upon all sides among those having the interests of the sport at heart. In the East there are among players almost no instances of questioning the decision of an official. But how far some of the Western teams have wandered from what is the only safe path can be gathered from the following description, which is being used strongly against the sport. I quote from the *Evening Post's* excerpt from the Kansas City *Times*: "In the scrimmage Cowgill slugged Blockberger, and the umpire ordered him off the field. Captain Shedd protested, but the umpire was firm. Then there was a half-hour of wrangling, Coach Robinson declaring that he had not a man to put in Cowgill's place. Captain Kennedy finally, in order to play the game, consented that Cowgill stay in and play his position."

The above is enough to show why the game gets into disrepute, and explains the remark quoted as coming from one of the officials at the end of the game. "I never before saw such a gang of hoodlums at a game of football. I absolutely refuse to act as official in any game which —— University has anything to do with." If there be any satisfactory explanation of all this, the universities should see that the captains and officials produce it.

As already stated in this column, there is but one course for football teams, and that is to select the very best officials and then abide by their decisions without question. To be beaten is not a serious matter. One side or the other usually is beaten. But to agree upon arbiters of the questions arising in a game, and then refuse to abide by their decisions, to degrade the game into a quarrel, and forget that a gentleman stands by his word, lowers the man and the game, and involves all those who care for the sport. It seems too bad that the work of such a man as Mr. Whitney in keeping up the amateur standing of sport, the labors of such men as Mr. Dashiell, Mr. Wrenn, Mr. McClung, Dr. Hartwell, and many others in standing, as officials, for the letter and spirit of the law, can be jeopardized or nullified by the action of here and there an irresponsible rough.

The football season just ended has been one of highly sustained interest. In spite of the fact that not one of the big games was free from blunders and carelessness the mistakes did not affect the score. Both sides indulged in them, and while the polish or finish of some teams of former years was thus apparently lacking, the play had a greater element of rugged determination in it than has ever characterized that of any previous season. In all the important matches both sides played what might be called a game of broad lines—that is, there was no team which believed so strongly in one special line of play as to practically discard all other methods for that one. Pennsylvania supplemented her guards-back style with the good placing of punts, and in this builded most wisely, as the later developments of the season showed. Yale combined the kicking and running games most successfully, not fearing to use the punting game against the wind without being forced to it by a third down. Harvard exhibited some clever formations which gave runners like Dibblee and Parker especial opportunities. Princeton's play up to two weeks before her final match was a most excellent combination of mass and tandem plays. In her last game her offence was weak in execution rather than in method. West Point, contrary to the general belief of some, improved her game, and in the later matches added more concentration of players, which made her offensive department more effective than when she met Harvard and Yale. The Brown game showed this conclusively. Cornell played her best games of the year when meeting Princeton and Pennsylvania. Had her kicking been up to the standard exhibited in some of her other games, she would have more than evened matters with her supposably stronger rival. Brown, as mentioned earlier in these columns, paid the penalty of adopting an injudicious schedule, and was accordingly humiliated at the end. The Indians kept up to their mark in running, and advanced themselves materially in the kicking game. Lafayette fell from her proud position of last season, and was a mark for both Princeton and Pennsylvania, whose teams endeavored to compare themselves with each other by the measure of their score against Lafayette. The latter naturally suffered under such rivalry. Lafayette, however, tied Cornell and outclassed her old rival Lehigh. Dartmouth, easily premier once more in her league, played also some good outside games, though Princeton and Pennsylvania both defeated her. Wesleyan played a stout, plucky game throughout the season, and showed a distinct superiority in stamina to most of the universities of her size. In the Middle West the University of Wisconsin made good her claim to the first position, and on the Pacific coast Stanford University once more defeated her old foe Berkeley.

In the next issue the season's play and players will be considered, and the All-America team made up.

Walter Camp.

SONNETS.

AFTER THE SPANISH OF JUANA INES DE LA CRUZ.

I.

I noted once a fair Castilian rose,
All blushing with the bloom of life new-born,
Flaunt lovingly her beauty to the morn,
Whose whisper wooed the coy bud to unclose
Her dewy petals to his kiss. "Thy foes,"
I cried, "cankering elves of darkness, scorn!
The joys of purity thy day adorn,
And guard thee through the night's despoiling woes.

And thus, though withering Death may touch thy leaf,
And in his dusky veil thy fragrance fold,
Thy youth and beauty smile at grief,
Thy little life and story quickly told
Make blest the teaching of a sweet belief:
'Tis better fortune to die young than old."

II.

One loves me tho' his homage I disdain;
And one for whom I languish mocks my smile.
To double torment thus doth pride beguile
And make me loathe and love at once in vain.
On him who honors casting wanton stain
And hazarding to be esteemèd vile
By wooing where I am not sought, the while
I waste the patience of a gentler swain.

So must I fear despite to my good fame
For here with Vanity, with Conscience there,
My blushing cheeks betray my needless shame
'Tis I am guilty towards this guiltless pair.
For shame to court a light love's woful name
And leave an earnest lover to despair.

John Malone.

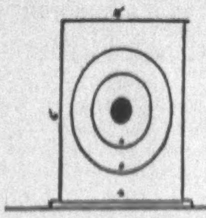
THE NEW ARMY TARGET, AND ITS EFFECT IN RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The recent annual rifle meeting at Sea Girt, New Jersey, the Mecca of the expert military shot, was signalized by remarkable team scores and phenomenal individual shooting.

A gradual improvement in rifle-shooting would be but the natural result of the intense interest and constant practice now prevalent in the State troops, and the winning by the Georgia team of practically every match it could enter is but the logical result of its thorough organization, enterprise, and early practice both at home and at Sea Girt; but its record-breaking score in the Inter-State Match, with a margin of 56 points over the former record, made by Pennsylvania in 1892, can hardly be attributed either to exceptionally favorable circumstances or to the prowess of the phenomenal shots who constituted the Georgia team, for the New York team also broke the previous record, with a margin of 21 points.

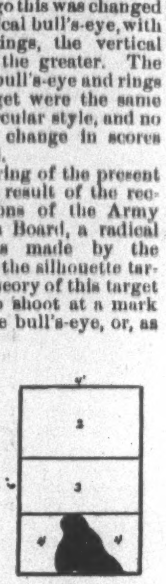
Despite the magnificent shooting of both these teams, the remarkable scores must be in part attributed to the new style of target, used for the first time at this meeting.

For many years the military target in this country consisted of a central circular "bull's-eye" surrounded by concentric circular rings. A few years ago this was changed to an elliptical bull's-eye, with elliptical rings, the vertical axis being the greater. The area of the bull's-eye and rings of this target were the same as in the circular style, and no perceptible change in scores was noticed.



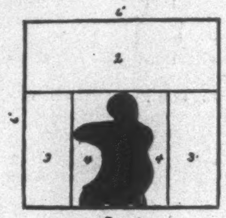
OLD MILITARY TARGET—ALL RANGES.

In the spring of the present year, as the result of the recommendations of the Army Small-Arms Board, a radical change was made by the adoption of the silhouette target. The theory of this target is that the soldier should be trained to shoot at a mark such as the enemy would present. The bull's-eye, or, as it is now called, the "figure," in the 200-yard target is therefore the silhouette in black, on a white ground, of a soldier lying down, "head on." In the 500-yard target the figure is kneeling; in the 800-yard target the figure is standing; and the 1000-yard figure is that of a soldier on horseback. The tendency of all troops being to shoot high, an endeavor is made in the new target to overcome this tendency by placing the figure at the bottom instead of in the centre. The divisions regulating the value of shots are entirely different, and the area of the figure is much greater than in the old bull's-eye.



200 yd.

The effect on the scores of this greater area in the central objective is most apparent at 200 yards. At this range the figure is compact and comparatively regular in shape, and the element of chance enters less than in the other targets, in which it is evident that a shot either close to the armpit in the 500-yard target or high up between the legs in the 800 yard is closer to the centre and unquestionably better than one which chance might lodge in the elbow or in the foot of the figure, but which counts for more.



500 yd.

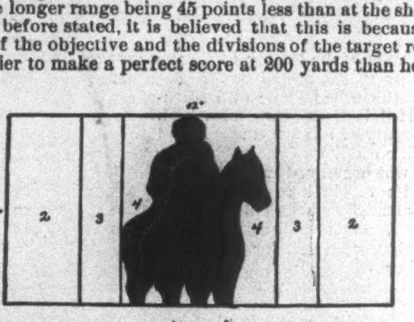
It is at 200 yards, therefore, that accurate holding is surest of counting, and while the new and larger objective contributes to a higher score, the records made at Sea Girt are none the less remarkable. In the Company Team Match, open to teams of five, ten shots each at 200 yards and 500 yards, Captain Cann and Private Austin of Company C, First Georgia Infantry, both made ten consecutive 5s at 200 yards, two others of this team making nine, and one eight, 5s out of the ten shots. More remarkable still, both

500 yd.

Captain Cann and Private Austin duplicated this feat in the Inter-State Match, three others of the Georgia team of twelve also making a possible ten straight 5s at this range.

Upon the old style of target it was usual for teams to make the higher score at the longer distance, owing to the prone position allowed at 500 yards, the winning team in the Inter-State Match having made the higher score at the longer range for the last seventeen consecutive years; but it is noteworthy that while five of the Georgia team made a possible 50 at 200 yards, one made 49, and two made 48, the highest score made at 500 yards was 48, the total at the longer range being 45 points less than at the shorter.

As before stated, it is believed that this is because the size of the objective and the divisions of the target render it easier to make a perfect score at 200 yards than heretofore, while the conditions at 500 yards are not very different, the Georgia team making precisely the same total at this range that it made last year.



1000 yd.

There is much criticism of the new targets among military men, especially of the too large figure in the short-range target, and of the chance of close shots at the longer ranges counting less than wider shots which happen to hit an arm or leg. The advocates of the target, on the other hand, contend that it is thoroughly practical, since a shot missing a man's trunk by half an inch is harmless, and should therefore count less than one which strikes his elbow or foot, rendering him *hors de combat*.

Howard A. Giddings.

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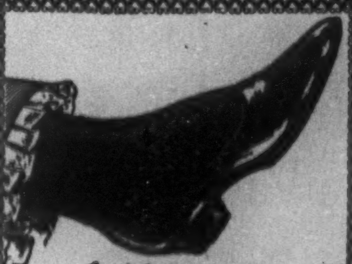

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